E. Farrington
4 Farringdon
E.C

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

WITH ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

No. 4.] LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1861. [Vol. 1.

Topics of the Week.

There is a difference even among crimes for gain that one is not sorry to see carefully noted by the public in connection with the trial of the Italian artist. There is a manliness, for instance, sometimes apparent among criminals that insensibly wins a certain amount of respect; and there is an exactly opposite quality occasionally manifested that wonderfully increases our disgust. But surely, of all pitiful scoundrels, this Vincent Colucci, artist, and professing gentleman, is the most contemptible. If he had set about the business of showing to what depths of unmanly baseness a man (so called) can descend, he could have hardly gone more directly to the end, or have proved more completely his case. From the moment of his first introduction to Miss Johnstone the acquaintance seems to have been accompanied by a constant accumulation of benefits on his head. She introduced him to her friends, employed him herself, lent him money when she found him melancholy for the want of some, and probably would have married him but for her illness and the better instincts and perceptions that are apt to prevail at such periods. But, even after her refusal to marry him, it is not impossible he might have successfully traded upon the sale of her letters if he had been content with one rich haul and have done with it. But no; the unhappy lady must be kept thence-

VINCENT COLUCCI.

forward in perpetual bondage, and he—this graceful, gentlemanly-looking artist, this Vincent Colucci—must live upon her, prey upon her wring out from her whatever his own necessities or his inexhaustible lust of gain might prompt him to demand, so long as she might have fortitude to live such a life or any wealth left to be deprived of. And this very excess of rascality saved the intended victim. She might have allowed him to go off with the £2000 he had obtained for the return of her letters in addition to the large sums he had obtained. But when she found that she was literally cheated out of the small return he had promised to make—the said letters—she did at last what she should have done before—consulted her brother and guardian; and the result was, not only the recovery of the letters, but the saving of great part of the £2000, and, best of all, the punishment of the dastardly swindler. We need not now recapitulate the incidents of the trial, which are well known. But we may point attention to two facts. The lady does not appear to have written a single line that really compromised her, except as a too kindhearted and somewhat thoughtless woman, who had taken a fancy to a man younger than herself. The other fact is the defence, which was too bad even for Colucci's own counsel to put forth, except as the prisoner's own. It amounted to the imputation that the lady had herself fabricated the parcel which

she said she had received from him, and stolen letters out of his studio to enable her to put the one at the top that was seen through the broken envelope. Such a defence was in perfect harmony with such a crime. Only the man who could do the one would have ventured the other. Well might the Judge say, such a defence must be looked upon with indignation by all honest men. But the maker of it has his reward. He has been found guilty of obtaining the £2000 under false pretences, and will now have to spend the next three years in penal servitude. He appears to have been much astonished when the result of the proceedings was made clear. He is said to be older than was at first supposed—forty-eight instead of thirty-one—which would make him only a year or two younger than Miss Johnstone.

Agricultural societies do not generally show to advantage in their treatment of the labourer. Whether they leave him alone to struggle with his home-wretchedness and social degradation, or call him forth to be petted and patted as a good boy at their after-dinner meetings, the result is equally unsatisfactory. But we are glad to note the beginning of a better state of things. At a recent meeting of the Bucks Agricultural Association Mr. Cavendish, M.P., gave utterance to some home truths about the right principles of managing labourers. "All you have to do," said he, "is to treat them well, and you will find in the end that they will treat you well. Only provide them with good comfortable cottages to dwell in, and you will soon see that they will take a pride in keeping them clean and tidy. Give them good wages and they will work well for you; but I never knew anybody yet who was prepared to work for nothing. Pay them properly, and when a pressure comes—when you have your harvest to house quickly, or any other emergency arises—you will find they are ready to give you a turn, and to study your interests as well as their own." These are golden sentences; and we hope Mr. Cavendish's brother landlords and employers of labour through the three kingdoms will respond in a similar spirit. Time was when such utterances would have been stigmatised as "democratic," "revolutionary," "making the poor dissatisfied," &c.; but now, we are told, they were received with "cheers." And Mr. Cavendish was not alone in the enforcement of these views. Mr. Barnard, M.P., grappled manfully with the worst element of the position of the labouring poor, the state of their houses, and did not hesitate to invoke legislative aid as the only efficient cure. Truly does he say "it is of no use laying down plans for the improvement of the dwellings of the labouring classes unless there is some legislative enactment by which those plans can be carried out. "When they met at a social meeting like that it was 'Hail, fellow, well met!' and they were quite ready to talk about the question, and to assert their anxious desire to do what was right towards the men they employed. But the moment they came to consider how they should carry their good intentions into effect they came to cross purposes. One found that it was inconvenient to alter the existing state of things; another, that it would interfere with his property; and the consequence was, that the evil remained uncorrected and nothing was done. It was too much the custom in the present day to make the willing horse bear all the burden, and, in his opinion, it was only by legislative enactment that they could properly apportion the burden generally. By legislative enactment, and by legislative enactment alone, cottages would be made more creditable to the landlord and more comfortable for the labourers who occupied them." We agree with Mr. Barnard that the subject is one of the greatest importance; and we trust, as he trusts, that before long it will occupy the consideration of Parliament. But why should he not himself secure that by his own initiative in the House? If he and Mr. Cavendish will begin, there will be plenty ready to follow; and, possibly before the close of next Session, something may be done to remove this scandal from the country—that we actually require all the hard work of cultivation to be done by men for whom we are unwilling to provide even a decent feeding and resting-place. Should not the clergy, too, lend a helping hand to so holy a work? What is the good of talking about religion and the value of an immortal soul when you don't value the bodily casket of that precious gem enough to lodge it on an equality with your horse, or your cow, or your sheep? Employers do take care to see how their live stock sleep and live, and do care for *their* health and comfort. May we hope that they are now about to extend their care from the live stock to those who tend it. For, as Mr. Bernard also says in the conclusion of his address, "No one who was acquainted with the agricultural districts could entertain a doubt that the morality of cottage life depended very materially upon the character and condition of the homes supplied to them."

Home News.

THE COURT.—Her Majesty arrived at Windsor on the morning of Thursday week, having travelled all night from Edinburgh. On Sunday morning the Queen and Prince Consort, Princess Alice, Princess Helena, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, Princess Louisa, and the Princess of Hohenlohe, the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and the domestic household, attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated. At the commencement of this week Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston paid a visit to Windsor Castle. The Prince Consort, accompanied by his Lordship, went out shooting. The Queen, with the Princesses, takes walks and drives daily.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Devonshire.

ILLNESS OF THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.—This venerable nobleman is seriously indisposed at Bowood in consequence of an accident.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL ON THE AMERICAN WAR.—At a banquet given to him by his tenantry on Friday se'nnight, the Duke of Argyll, who is a member of the Cabinet, spoke at some length on the American question. Referring more particularly to the theory that, with the view of averting the disastrous consequences of a total stoppage of the American cotton supply, it is the duty of the Government to interfere in the quarrel between the Northern and Southern States, his Grace expressed a confident opinion that the country will never urge the adoption of such a step, while, on the other hand, he has "too great confidence in the firmness and public principles of the Government and Parliament to believe that they will be willing to submit to such pressure if it were put upon them." He conceives it to be the paramount duty of this country to abstain, not only from active interference, but also from offering advice, even though it might be tendered in the most friendly spirit. The Washington Government will not listen to foreign counsels. They hold that they are the best judges of their own affairs, and "mere general advice to compose their differences, without any specific suggestion as to the terms upon which those differences are to be adjusted, is always held by the Americans to imply, indirectly, that the objects for which they are contending are either unworthy or at least trivial and unimportant."

THE FORTH TRAGEDY.—The orphan child of Lord Forth and Mrs. Lloyd has been baptised by the names of Ann Cooper Lloyd, and is now at nurse in a village near Gloucester. A lady residing in Ireland, having read the account of the death of its parents, was so greatly interested in the fate of the child that she offered to adopt it as her own. Mrs. Lloyd's parents, however, have provided a liberal maintenance for the child, and the generous offer was therefore declined.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.—It may be useful to such of our readers as are interested in the subject to remind them that some important changes in the law regarding the sale of gunpowder and fireworks are made by an Act of Parliament which came into operation on the 1st of September. By one section of this enactment no person can sell, or expose for sale, any firework without a licence for the purpose; and by another the penalty for throwing fireworks in thoroughfares, or other public places, is raised from 20s. to £5. The most important innovation, however, is the provision that no fireworks can be sold to any person apparently under sixteen years of age without subjecting the offender to a penalty not exceeding £5. The enforcement of this prohibition would seem to threaten the reduction to very small dimensions of the trade in squibs and crackers connected with the approaching anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot.

CADETS AT WOOLWICH RIOTOUS.—A very serious disturbance took place in the Military Academy at Woolwich last week amongst the gentlemen cadets. What was the real cause of the disturbance is now the subject of inquiry, but at one time the difficulty looked bloodlessly threatening. The cadets threw the old cannon, trophies of Waterloo, into the ditch, or stuffed them with 4lb. loaves. They also broke the Governor's windows, and threw their cutlasses into his garden, and altogether behaving in a way "unbecoming officers and gentlemen." They allege that the food and the general treatment is not such as they ought to receive.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—The seat for Carlisle so recently rendered vacant by the death of Sir James Graham is already the subject of a sharp contest. Mr. Edmund Potter, of Manchester, a brother, we believe, of Sir John Potter, who for several years represented the cotton capital, has come forward in the Liberal interest. The Conservatives have addressed a requisition to Mr. Hodgson, who for several years represented Carlisle, and is personally popular in that town.

REVIEW AT WOOLWICH.—The Duke of Cambridge, the General Commanding-in-Chief, attended by Colonel Bingham, Deputy Adjutant-General of Royal Artillery, and other officers, reviewed the whole of the troops in garrison last Saturday. At the termination of the proceedings the division marched off the ground, and the Duke of Cambridge and Staff then inspected the range of cottages recently erected for married soldiers, the site of the new Herbert Military Hospital just commenced, the monument recently erected on the common in memory of officers of the Royal Artillery who fell in action during the Crimean War; and, after visiting the Royal Artillery Barracks, took leave of General Dacres and Staff and left the garrison amidst a Royal salute of twenty-one guns.

LIBERALS IN ESSEX.—An important Liberal demonstration came off at Maldon—the head-quarters of Liberalism in Essex—on Thursday week. Several members of Parliament were present, and the speeches were of an unusually interesting character. Mr. Western, M.P., in the course of his speech dwelt upon the importance of the late city of London election, and urged that it was desirable to maintain the present Government in office on the ground of their foreign policy. Mr. Wood, the new member for the city of London, spoke strongly in favour of increased attention on the part of the Liberals to the registration courts. He also warned them against divisions. "Let them not," he said, "be hampered by little questions," as though the abolition of church rates, to which he must have referred, was "a little question." Mr. Charles Buxton indulged in a lively and interesting survey of Europe, with an allusion to the events occurring in America. He protested against the idea that the disruption arose from the free institutions of the Union.

COLCHESTER OYSTER FEAST.—This annual entertainment was held last week. In the course of the proceedings Mr. Papillon, M.P., read an extract to show that the grand secret of successful oyster culture lies in the fact of the seed obtaining an immediate and resting-place. In order to afford points of attachment the French pisciculturists have hit upon the plan of sinking in the water a series of fascines constructed out of branches of trees; and these, resting upon an artificial bottom composed of fragments of stone and brick and of pieces of broken pottery ware, afford capital breeding-ground for any quantity of oysters. As a proof of this, 20,000 small oysters were found attached to a branch plucked from one of the beds. One of the official reports on the fisheries states that the total expense of forming an oyster-bank was 221*l.*, and if 300 fascines laid down upon it be multiplied by 20,000—the number of oysters they contain—it would be seen that 6,000,000 were obtained, which, at 20*l.* per 1000, would produce 120,000*l.* for 221*l.* originally expended.

THE BUILDERS' STRIKE.—The masons are now the only branch of the building operatives standing out against the hour system, and about 240 men are on the strike-books of the society. Last week the whole of the men remaining on the strike-books of the bricklayers' society were cleared off, having obtained employment, either under the compromise, or on the old terms of the trade, at 5*s.* 6*d.* per day of ten hours, and the committee have ceased for the present any further active opposition to the system, and withdrew their pickets from all the yards and jobs where they have been kept on for the last seven months, and are now devoting themselves to the perfecting the new organisation and amalgamation of their trade throughout the country, with the object of uniting in combined action with the other branches of the building trade, in opposition to the system, at the commencement of the building season in the spring. In the meantime, in common with the carpenters, painters, and plasterers, who are working on the hour system under protest, they have decided on throwing their pecuniary support into the masons.

FEARFUL EPIDEMIC AT OVER DARWEN.—During the past six weeks the township of Over Darwen, Lancashire, which contains upwards of 20,000 inhabitants, has been visited with a dire epidemic (gastric and typhus fever), which has played sad havoc amongst the inhabitants, upwards of thirty deaths having taken place from fever, and about 1000 cases have required medical aid. A few days ago Dr. Hedlam Greenhow, one of the medical inspectors of the Privy Council, made an official investigation of the township, visising, in company with the Local Board of Health, every house in which a death had occurred, and found the whole place in a sad and filthy state, piggeries, cesspools, &c., being situated so near to habitations that in many instances foul organic substances percolated into their abodes, and thereby, doubtless, produced fever, sickness, and death. All these auxiliaries to disease are being rapidly removed, and the cottage-owners are required to erect proper conveniences for their tenants. The epidemic is on the decline, and steps are being taken to compel the Waterworks Company to provide filtering beds to their works.

THE BUILDERS' STRIKE IN LIVERPOOL.—This strike, which has extended over many weeks, is now only partially settled, owing to the demands of the Bricklayers' Union. The joiners and plasterers resumed work upon the withdrawal of the hour system; but not so the bricklayers, who refuse to resume work unless the masters give them a guarantee that they will make no change in the present order of the payment of wages for six months to come; and, further, that at the end of that time no change shall take place without the masters giving to the Bricklayers' Union six months' further notice. These terms some of the masters refuse to listen to, and the men are likely to remain on strike for some time to come unless they make some other propositions. It should be observed that the men fear the masters will recur to the hour plan during the winter and early spring, when employment is slack, unless the six months' notice is secured.

REPRESENTATION OF OLDHAM.—Mr. Fox, the member for Oldham, has intimated his intention of resigning his trust into the hands of his constituents at the next dissolution of Parliament. The hon. gentleman has for some time been in a very delicate state of health. "My chief suffering," he says, "is in my eyes; for, though they partially recovered from the paralysis of the optic nerve to which I was subjected two years ago, the sight is still weak, and occasionally confused, so that I am sorely restricted both as to reading and writing."

THE EASTERN FISHERIES.—The herring fishery, there can now be little doubt, will prove satisfactory this year on the eastern coast, a circumstance of all the more value after the discouraging results of last season, while the liberal supplies of fish obtained cannot but be highly acceptable to the middle and lower classes. One day alone last week 700 lasts were landed at Yarmouth, or, to speak more plainly, the immense number of 9,240,000 fish. One boat alone brought in fifteen lasts, or 198,000 fish. At Lowestoft, also, highly-encouraging results have been obtained, and a cargo of herrings has been shipped direct for Dieppe, the first export of the kind under the provisions of the new commercial treaty. Notwithstanding the abundant supplies of fish, prices, both at Yarmouth and Lowestoft, have been pretty well sustained.

EARL RUSSELL OPENED A DRINKING-FOUNTAIN on Tower-hill on Monday. The noble Earl made an interesting speech, in which he dwelt upon the benefits which these fountains conferred upon the poor, both by reason of the purity of the water and the extent to which it is used for cooking purposes. Eighty-five fountains had been constructed in London, but the number he thought trifling when compared with the wants of two or three millions of people. He, therefore, appealed to the public to replenish the funds of the Metropolitan Free Drinking-fountains Association, an appeal which we trust will be warmly responded to. His Lordship then formally presented the fountain to the District Board of Works; after which addresses were delivered by Mr Gurney and other friends of the movement.

WE UNDERSTAND THAT LORD BROUGHAM has nearly recovered from his illness.

THE WORKING MAN'S COLLEGE, GREAT ORMOND-STREET.—The first term of the eighth year of this institution commenced on Monday. There are fifty teachers, of whom a large number are gentlemen of distinction at the two Universities, including Professor Maurice, Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Hughes (the author of "Tom Browne"). Instruction is given in drawing, bookkeeping, English grammar, literature, and history, Latin, French, German, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, geology, the use of the microscope, and mental philosophy, at a very small charge. At each examination at the end of a course of instruction, certificates of competence are awarded to those who merit them; and the names of those who, though not receiving such certificates, have passed the examination with credit, are posted in the hall of the college.

Accidents, Inquests, Etc.

SEVEN PERSONS DROWNED.—At Moorburg, on the Elbe, says the *Journal de Francfort*, a sad accident occurred a short time back: fourteen persons proceeded to cross the river in an old boat, but before they had gone far water entered, the boat was swamped, and seven were drowned.

FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A MAN DECAPITATED.—Yesterday week a fatal accident took place on the London and North-Western Railway near Charnock Richard, between Wigan and Preston. A platelayer, named Jolley, was engaged on the line near Barker's Bridge, and, as he was getting out of the way of a passing train, a second train, the advance of which he had not noticed, owing to the fog, knocked him down, and, passing over his neck, decapitated him.

A WOMAN SMOTHERED IN SOOT.—On Wednesday week, between four and five o'clock in the morning, a woman named Anne King, aged twenty-five, was found smothered in a cellar of soot at 10, Parker-street, Drury-lane, which is in the occupation of a sweep. It appears that on the previous day the deceased had visited another woman, and the two drank somewhat freely. The deceased on leaving promised to return to tea, and it is supposed on coming back she mistook the house, and, walking into No. 10, pitched headlong into the cellar of soot. She had been dead some time when found.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—A singular event occurred a few days back at Sainte Michel-de-Lanes (Aude). Heavy rain having fallen, the stream called the Lhers rose rapidly, and a number of persons assembled on the bridge to witness the rise of the waters. All at once a mass of water came down with such violence that it swept away part of the bridge, and nine of the persons on it were drowned.

DARING HIGHWAY ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.—On the night of Friday week a farmer named Thomas Smith, of Little Hallam, went to the village of Basford, three miles from Nottingham, for the purpose of buying a horse. On his way home he called at a public-house at Trowell, and staid there about an hour and and a half, and while in the taproom he mentioned the fact that he had been to buy a horse, but had not completed the purchase. Two men of suspicious appearance were in the company, and left the house a short time before Mr. Smith. The landlady mentioned her suspicions to the farmer that the men meditated robbing him, and when Smith left her house she gave him a thick stick to protect himself with if requisite. In less than an hour the farmer returned to the public-house his face and clothes covered with blood, and his head and face frightfully bruised. Other parts of his body were much injured, but he had sufficient strength to say that the two men whom the landlady had suspected had met him on the road; one of them had knocked him down with a rail and otherwise ill-treated him, and had stolen his pocketbook, containing £25. Two men named Henry Gordon and Samuel Thompson, who were identified as being the persons drinking at the public-house, were apprehended the next morning in a field near the place of robbery. As soon as the men perceived the officers they attempted to make their escape, but after a long pursuit were captured. Last Saturday they were taken before Lord Belper and the county bench of magistrates at Nottingham, but, owing to the precarious state of the prosecutor, who was unable to attend to give evidence, they were remanded. The prisoners follow no regular employment.

FATAL OCCURRENCE AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.—On Monday evening, as soon as the doors of the Adelphi Theatre were opened, a general move took place of those assembled, and so violent was the pushing that a woman named Anne Burrowes was observed to fall to the ground from exhaustion, when, notwithstanding the alarm immediately given by those near her, before she was extricated several persons had passed over her. The poor creature was conveyed to the Charing-cross Hospital, where Mr. Travers, house surgeon, pronounced her to be dead. The body awaits an inquest.

BURGLARY AND ATTEMPTED MURDER IN PADDINGTON.—At 5, Fulham-place, Paddington-green, on the evening of Thursday week, Mrs. Green was sitting alone in her drawing-room on the first floor, when she was alarmed by the stealthy entrance of two determined-looking men into the room, and before she could call for assistance they attacked her with life-preservers, and having rendered her helpless by the infliction of violent blows on the head, they broke open a drawer, and stole thence a valuable gold repeater watch and a quantity of plate, when, being alarmed by the sound of footsteps, they decamped. Upwards of £400 in the next drawer to that broken open was found to be untouched. The unfortunate lady, who is said to be between sixty and seventy years of age, at present remains in a precarious condition from the injuries inflicted on her temples.

SUSPECTED MURDER IN THE REGENT'S CANAL.—Early on Monday the body of a young woman unknown, apparently about twenty years of age, decently attired, was discovered floating in the water of the Regent's Canal near North-road, Hoxton. The body had been in the water several days, and presented a sickening spectacle. The body was removed to St. Leonard's Workhouse, where Dr. Clarke, the parochial medical officer, made a minute examination of the body, which was that of a fine young woman. The skull was extensively fractured and the brain lacerated. The injuries were no doubt the cause of death.

THE LALLE COALMINE ACCIDENT.—The three miners last rescued from the Lalle coalmine are in a fair way of recovery. They suffered dreadfully when in the pit, and to appease their hunger gnawed their shoes and worsted belts. One of them who attempted to get out fell into a hole, and narrowly escaped drowning. After taking off his clothes, his companions covered him with coal to protect him from the cold, and in that condition he was found. They also tried to get out, but found themselves too weak to walk. Meanwhile another fall of earth separated them from their companion. It was this last fall that caused three additional hours' labour. Twenty bodies have since been got out. The whole number of men who had descended into the pit on the day of the disaster was 149. Of these, 30, it has been ascertained, came up again before the disaster occurred. Five have been got out alive, and 22 dead. There consequently still remain 83 below.

FEARFUL EXPLOSION AT BALLINCOLLIG, IRELAND.—One of the powder mills at Ballincollig blew up on Wednesday week, and five men were killed. The explosion was distinctly heard in Cork. The building that blew up was a small wooden house in the western part of the works, and was situated on the same site as that which blew up in August, 1859, though used for a different purpose—viz., that of the pressing-mill. Three of the bodies were found perfectly mutilated, but the other two have not been found. It is supposed they were in the canal, which was being searched. The quantity of powder in the house at the time was small. It is almost beyond doubt that drinking was the cause. One of the men engaged in the mill had some time before got into ill-health, and was about to leave the employment. This he made the occasion for offering his comrades a treat, and with that object he went out and procured some porter. The beer-pot has since been found amongst the ruins. There is something of the horribly ludicrous in a link of the evidence, for when the explosion took place the woman who sold the liquor exclaimed, "Who is to pay me for the porter?"

ALLEGED POISONING BY MISTAKE AT LEEDS.—A man named Michael Cunningham died on Saturday week from the effects of nitric acid (or aquafortis), which had been administered to him, by mistake, by a shopkeeper in the same street, as a dose for the relief of the toothache. Dr. Wilson, who attended the case, stated that, in his opinion, the nitric acid was the cause of death. The chest had turned as black as coal, and the mouth was much burned and discoloured. Deceased leaves a widow and four children.

A CHILD SCALDED TO DEATH.—On Monday Mr. Bedford, the coroner, held an inquest at the Union Tavern, Queen's-road, Pimlico, on the body of Johanna Frim, aged two years, who met with her death from the effects of upsetting a cup of tea. The child died from convulsions caused by the scalds on the chest and thighs. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

The Volunteers.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE ST. GEORGE'S.—On Tuesday week a match for the champion's badge took place among some of the members of the St. George's Rifles at Wormwood Scrubs under rather trying circumstances, the targets, especially the long range, being partially obscured by fog and rain. The contest ended in favour of Ensign Hawkins (champion), who scored 20, beating Sergeant Waller by one point.

22ND MIDDLESEX.—On Saturday afternoon last the members of the 22nd Middlesex (Queen's Westminster) shot for a number of prizes at the rifle-butts on Wormwood Scrubs. A silver cup, value ten guineas, the gift of four ladies, was shot for at ranges of 250, 400, and 600 yards, five shots at each range, and, after some excellent shooting, was one by Private Weatherden, with 15 points. Various other prizes were shot for. They will be presented on the 30th instant in Westminster Hall.

LINCOLNSHIRE CORPS.—As usual, several interesting matches have come off during last week among the Lincolnshire corps. Thus the Holbeach subscription cup, of the value of £15, was shot for on the Outmarsh, about five miles from Holbeach, by six members selected from each of the local companies—viz., Boston, Spalding, Holbeach, and Donington and Gosberton. The shooting was at 200 and 500 yards, five rounds each, and the Boston shots scored 50 points, the Spalding 38, the Holbeach 43, and the Donington and Gosberton 25. The highest scores per man were made by Corporal Storr, of the Boston company, and Private Presgrave, of the Holbeach. On the ties being shot off, Corporal Storr proved the winner of the cup.

39TH MIDDLESEX.—On Saturday last the members of the 39th Middlesex (Finsbury) Rifles contended at Plumstead for a handsome challenge medal, presented by Lieutenant Margetts, of the second company. The prize was won by Private Fox. A series of prizes have also been recently competed for by the different companies of the regiment. In the third company a handsome silver cup, presented by Captain Virtue, was won by Corporal Harling; and a valuable rifle was won by Private Fisher. The seventh company contended for their prizes at Hornsey-wood. They consisted of a rifle and silver tankard, presented by Captain Pontifex, Lieutenant Clarke, and Ensign Pontifex. After some good shooting, Private Woodhead won the rifle, and Sergeant Arch the silver tankard. The match between ten men of the third and ten of the fifth company took place at Plumstead, and resulted in favour of the fifth, who scored 80 points against 56 made by the third.

A NEW COMPANY in connection with the 1st Middlesex Engineer Volunteers—of which Sir J. Burgoyne, R.E., K.C.B., is Colonel—is now forming in Holborn and Bloomsbury. The uniform is scarlet, with blue facings. A corps bearing the title of the "Old Soldier Volunteers" is also in course of formation in the metropolis. The regiment will consist of members who have served in the army.

RIFLE COMPETITION.—A match took place on Saturday last at Wormholt Scrubbs between the St. James's and the King's College company of the Queen's (Westminster) Volunteers. Eight men were chosen from each company. The ranges were 200, 500, and 600 yards, five shots at each range; the prize an Enfield rifle, to become the property of the volunteer who made the highest score on the winning side. After firing at 200 yards the points were equal, but at the long ranges the St. James's company gradually distanced their competitors, and finally won by 9 points. The three highest scores were on the winning side; Mr. Goodman (the winner of the rifle) making 17 points, and Messrs. Griffiths and Criddle 16 points each.

THE VOLUNTEERS OF HAMPSHIRE AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT held their second annual Review on Compton Down, near Winchester, on Tuesday week. The number on the ground, exclusive of the Light Horse (80) and Artillery Brigade (337), was about 1500. A large number of persons were present on the downs in carriages and on foot, notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather.

VOLUNTEERS ENTERTAINED.—The Marquis of Bath entertained the Frome Selwood Volunteers at Longleat House last week, on occasion of the presentation, by Lady Edward Thynne, to Private Battiscombe, of a handsome silver cup, competed for by the best riflemen of the corps, in the presence of a distinguished assembly.

4TH MIDDLESEX AT PLUMSTEAD.—On Saturday last a firing party of the 4th Middlesex (North London) Rifles concluded their prize firing for the season. A handsome silver cup, presented by Mr. Charles Wyman, was won by Private Inglis; and a rifle, given by Mr. Pantin, was won by Sergeant Simpson. To-day the presentation of the prizes won at target practice during the season will take place at head-quarters.

9TH MIDDLESEX.—The annual contest for the regimental prizes of the 9th or West Middlesex commenced on Thursday week, at the butts on Wormwood Scrubs. The company's prizes, eight in number, were sharply contested for on the first day, and were won by Captain Fenton, Ensigns Armstrong and Bartley, Corporal Baker, and Privates Lufton, Harlow, Hall, and Messor.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH VOLUNTEERS.—A great rifle contest is being arranged for between English and Scotch volunteers; Lieutenant-Colonel Viscount Bury and Captain Horatio Ross being engaged in settling the preliminary details.

REAPPEARANCE OF JENNY LIND.

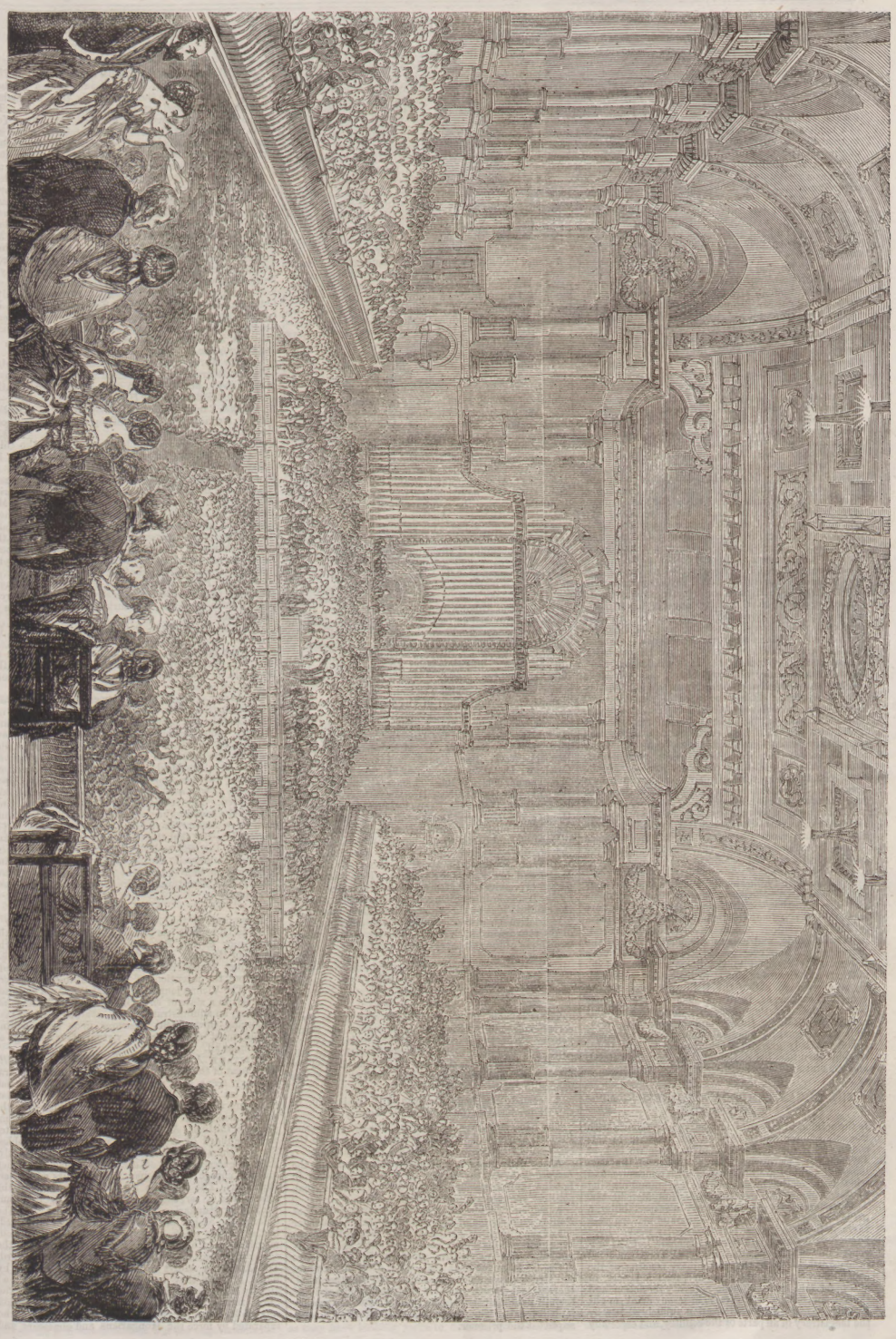
It augurs well alike for the artist and the public that so much interest and admiration has been felt for the private life and character of Mdme. Lind-Goldschmidt. The crowds that wait upon her every appearance are attracted not only by the beauty of her singing, but by that far higher beauty which belongs to her nature. With her music becomes only the natural expression of goodness, harmony the necessary result of such a happy combination of rare faculties. Thus she has never indulged in any kind of freaks or eccentricities, has always treated her art as one of high and almost devotional significance, and, while it has made her rich, she has striven in all possible ways to prevent the possibility of its making her covetous, by the admirable use she has made of her wealth, and by the important services she has rendered by using her art to minister to the necessities of charity even when she would not any longer employ it for her own advantage.

And it is an occasion of this kind that has again enabled the public to give her welcome, and to show that its affection and respect are alike undimmed by time or absence. Most readers will recollect the noise that was made in the papers a year or two ago about the doings of the Rev. Mr. Douglas in the cause of the "Londoners over the border." In the midst of a career of active benevolence, founded on the pecuniary aid rendered by a subscription (chiefly through the *Times*), he was interrupted by an attack upon his motives and conduct that for a time caused a suspension both of the subscriptions and of the various movements that were in operation. But, after an impartial inquiry, it was found that in all essential respects Mr. Douglas was the right man in the right place; that his integrity was unimpeachable; and that, so far from his benefiting by the charities he administered, as was, we believe, more than insinuated, he was contributing largely from his own private means to the same cause that he asked the public to support.

He is still hard at work. But it is a difficult task this that he has undertaken, of raising suddenly among a new population a church, schoolhouse, and parsonage, all sufficiently endowed to be free from the necessity of perpetual appeals for help; industrial institutions for girls and boys in different branches of labour; plans for the employment of married women in needlework, so that they may help their husbands when the latter are out of work; allotments of garden land at small rents; relief of the sick and of women in childbirth; and, lastly, a system of house-to-house visitation, so that the true condition of the people may be known, and their more pressing necessities—whether material or spiritual—be properly cared for. In exact proportion to the need is always the difficulty of such achievement; that is, among the very poorest and least mixed populations. And it is with such a population Mr. Douglas has to deal. The Victoria Dock district is a place that has sprung up, almost suddenly, from the marshy ground along the northern bank of the river. There are, of course, no rich resident gentlemen, no old charities, no social organisation even, such as time and circumstances generally tend to create, for developing the better nature of the people in periods

MDME. OTTO-GOLDSCHMIDT (JENNY LIND).

A VILLAGE IN KIU-SIU, JAPAN.—SEE PAGE 55.



GREAT TEMPERANCE MEETING (THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE) IN THE MANCHESTER FREE-TRADE HALL—SEE NEXT PAGE.

of work, or for securing them from the extremest distress during enforced idleness.

Of course, it needed only to show such a case in all its details to "Jenny Lind" (the maiden name is too sweet to be quite lost in the married one) to call forth her sympathies, and, even, as it appears, to induce her to make her appeal for this admirable group of charities precede the opening night of a new tour she is about to make through the country on her own account. It is now five years since she took her farewell of a London audience, and she does not appear to intend to treat that as anything less than a final leave-taking of the metropolis. Apparently, therefore, she will only be heard in London on occasions like this, when she comes as a messenger of glad tidings to some poor but deserving cause that needs her help.

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was the work produced last Tuesday week for her reappearance. With the Swedish songstress were associated English artists of the first eminence, and a band and chorus of the same proportions as at the concerts of our Sacred Harmonic Society. With Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Weiss as tenor, contralto, and bass, Mdme. Goldschmidt herself taking the soprano music, the vocal quartet of principals was irreproachable. Mr. Sims Reeves, who is advertised to accompany Mdme. Goldschmidt in her provincial tour, sang as if he intended to divide the honours of the campaign with his renowned confederate. On no occasion has he given the beautiful airs and recitatives that fall to his share in "Elijah" with more uniform perfection of style and delivery; and for once, perhaps, he deserves to be reproached with over-modesty in declining the encore that followed, "Then shall the righteous," which, though coming so late in the oratorio, was quite as unanimous as that accorded to Mdme. Goldschmidt, Miss Cole, and Miss Palmer in "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," and that won by the last-named lady's very expressive singing of "O, rest in the Lord." Mr. Weiss, incontestably *the* Elijah of the present day, proclaimed, as he did some short time since at the Hereford Festival, his admirable fitness to do justice to the part the grandest of Mendelssohn's inventions, and one of the most arduous in the repertory of the oratorio. All, indeed, sang their very best, and united with the really splendid achievements of the chorus, and the vigour and decision of the band, under Herr Otto Goldschmidt's direction, in giving a performance of Mendelssohn's great masterpiece as unexceptionable as it was striking. In the singing of Mdme. Goldschmidt little, if any, change has to be noted. The voice, though occasionally produced with greater apparent effort, has lost none of its charm—scarcely any of its power. The style has become more measured, studied, and deliberate, perhaps, indeed—not to use the term in an over-critical sense—laboured, almost every phrase being assigned a peculiar emphasis, as though it was complete and independent of itself. But—to take the air, "Hear ye Israel," as an example—while something less of the old spontaneity is observable, it would be difficult to imagine grander vocal declamation, more heartfelt and impassioned singing. The noble passage, "I am he that comforteth, be not afraid," with which the last movement commences, was superbly expressed—given out, indeed, with an energy and confidence that brought persuasion as it flowed, note by note, from the lips of the songstress. Mdme. Goldschmidt, like a preacher full of faith, has an earnest reverence for the text she expounds, and an eloquence to make others share her belief.

Although the prices were exactly double what they are at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the vast hall was crammed to suffocation, and the audience—need it be added?—were as enthusiastic as they were inconveniently crowded.

The Liverpool Philharmonic Society's grandest concert of the season—the performance of Haydn's oratorio of "The Creation," with the principal soprano part supported by Mdme. Goldschmidt-Lind—took place on Monday evening. There was one of the largest, most fashionable, and aristocratic audiences (says the *Mercury*) that have ever graced the noble hall. Very few seats were vacant in the boxes or body, and the spacious galleries were almost inconveniently crowded. By a quarter to eight, the time announced for the concert to commence, band and chorus were in their places, and shortly afterwards Mr. Goldschmidt entered, with Mdme. Goldschmidt leaning on his arm. This was a signal for a prolonged outburst of applause, which the lady gracefully acknowledged. Mr. Goldschmidt then took his station at the conductor's stand, and the oratorio commenced.

THE GREAT TEMPERANCE MEETING AT MANCHESTER.

Is the opinion in favour of legislative interference with the sale of beer and spirits on the increase in this country? It should almost seem so, when we look at Plymouth and learn what a large number of the Parliamentary voters are in favour of such a measure, and when we watch the character of the late annual meeting of the "Alliance" in the Free-trade Hall, Manchester. That was certainly, in numbers and in respectability, a great success. Upwards of six thousand persons were there gathered together last Wednesday week. Lord Brougham had promised to take the chair, but was prevented through indisposition. Sir W. C. Trevelyan acted in his stead. During the preliminary meeting of the council Mr. S. Pope, the secretary, read a report, in which he said the imminent necessity for action, and the extreme danger of the traffic in strong drink, might be inferred from the dissatisfaction publicly shown by the magistracy in all parts of the country, and especially in Lancashire. At the annual Sessions at Preston a comprehensive indictment of the liquor traffic formed the subject of a petition by the magistrates to the Legislature. By the advice of the committee, action had been taken by members at Brewster Sessions, and there seemed to be a growing desire on the part of magistrates to get rid of the responsibility of licensing, and to transfer it to the ratepayers. The circular of the Alliance as to the danger of selling intoxicating drinks at railway stations had been cordially received by the railway companies, especially in Ireland, where the best results had followed. Increased attention had been manifested during the past year by the religious public. The successful activity of the Dean of Carlisle could not be too warmly acknowledged. The declaration of the Alliance, as adopted by the ministerial conference in 1857, had received nearly three thousand written adhesions from clergymen and other Christian ministers, several hundred names having been added during the past year. In Canada and Nova Scotia the same document had been used, and largely signed. The Alliance had always sought to disconnect the common sale of intoxicating drinks from the sanction of the law, and had alleged the plain fact that wherever the drink-shop had been put down drunkenness, pauperism, and crime had diminished. Such a prohibition they had endeavoured to introduce by means of a permissive law, reasonably believing it would be followed by a success not less signal than when imposed upon the people by a power outside of them. To facilitate the use of drink was to produce drunkenness, disease, pauperism, and crime. The main difficulties, however, encountered by the Alliance were the prevalent faith in the medicinal virtues of alcohol, and the belief in their dietetic virtues as food; but great and striking changes had transpired in the opinions of the medical world in regard to both these points. It was doubtful now how, or in what, alcohol was a medicine; it was certain that it could be no longer conceived of as food.

The Alliance has of late been endeavouring to bring its influence to bear on municipal and Parliamentary elections, and to test the strength of public favour by a house-to-house canvass, the results of which have been extremely satisfactory. As to action in Parliament, the committee had not deemed it prudent to press the direct introduction of the Permissive Bill into the House of Commons, deeming it advisable, after consultation with Lord Brougham and other leading friends in both Houses, to pause a while longer. The history of the past Session bore marks of Alliance influence, and several occasions had arisen in which the vigilance and activity of the Alliance had been called forth. Hopes had been expressed on both sides of the House that the licensing system would next year be brought under consideration. The committee regarded a proposal of licence by mere payment to the excise with grave apprehension. But they could not regard it as their duty to uphold the present system of magisterial licence, which was, from beginning to end, a failure.

At the general meeting in the evening, in the great room of the Free-trade Hall (see Engraving), there were present the Mayor; Mr. T. Bazley, M.P.; Sir John F. Forbes, Bart.; Mr. W. Lawson, M.P.; Rev. G. T. Fox, Durham; Rev. W. N. Molesworth; Hon. and Rev. L. Noel; Rev. Canon Jenkins; Mr. Handel Cossham; Dr. M'Culloch, Dumfries; Dr. F. R. Lees; Mr. Thomas Clegg; Rev. Thomas Hutton; Rev. S. Bagnall; Rev. J. Bardsley; Rev. Dr. M'Kerrow; Dr. P. P. Carpenter; Mr. H. Twelvetrees; Colonel Clinton, Hants; Mr. E. Pease, Darlington; Mr. W. H. Ward, American Consul; Baron de Lynden, of the Hague; besides 300 ministers and other gentlemen. Among the speakers were Sir John Forbes, Rev. T. G. Fox, Rev. W. N. Molesworth, Mr. H. Cossham; Mr. Lawson, M.P.; and Mr. Pope, the secretary. Resolutions were passed expressive of the fearful amount of evil produced by the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and affirmatory of the cardinal idea of the Alliance, that there should be a legislative enactment arming public opinion with a direct veto against such traffic in every district where two-thirds of the ratepayers so determine.

Gossip.

The *Christian World* mentions a visit made by a correspondent to the Rev. James Spurgeon, of Stambourne, Essex, the grandfather of the popular preacher. This venerable man, now in his eighty-sixth year, still preaches to the people to whom he has ministered for fifty years. The church of which he was pastor was formed in 1662.

A comedy by Lady Dufferin will, it is said, be shortly produced at the St. James's Theatre.

The King and Queen of Prussia, with the Prince and Princess Royal, will visit London next summer on the occasion of the opening of the Great Exhibition.

A new daily paper is announced as forthcoming, the *Indépendance Internationale*. It is to be published in London, and is notified as "a daily French journal, political, commercial, and literary."

A soldier has just been tried by court-martial at Nantes on a charge of having forcibly taken his sister out of the convent of Le Bon Pasteur de Saint Florent, in which she had been placed by order of a family council. The particulars given in the papers are meagre. It seems that the soldier drew his bayonet and struck terror among the nuns. On the other hand, there was evidence to show that the young girl had been ill-used, and that she had called upon her brother to deliver her. The court, by a majority of six to one, acquitted the prisoner.

Foreign News.

AMERICA.

The Niagara has arrived, with intelligence from New York to the 17th ult. The only information we have of the large army on the Potomac is that the Federal troops had advanced two miles from Lewinsville. The large naval expedition which sailed from New York was to rendezvous at Annapolis to embark troops and artillery before proceeding South. A Confederate force is said to have attacked the Federalists at Santa Rosa Island, spiked the guns, and taken a number of prisoners; on the other side it is reported that the Federal troops from Kansas had repulsed the Confederates near Greenfield with much loss. No account of the naval engagement at New Orleans, in which the telegram stated the Confederates had driven all the Federal vessels on shore, had been received at New York. Mr. Seward has addressed a circular to those States which remain loyal to the Union, urging them to improve their sea and lake defences in view of the possibility of any differences with foreign Governments arising out of the present troubled state of affairs. Notwithstanding the intrigues of the Southern States to involve the country in disputes with foreign Governments, the prospect of any serious misunderstanding, he says, is less than hitherto; yet it is necessary, he adds, in order to be respected, to be prepared.

By the Norwegian we have news three days later. The Confederates have evacuated Vienna and destroyed the railway, and have fallen back with their entire column on Fairfax Court House.

Colonel Rankin has been dismissed from the Canadian Militia for violating the Queen's proclamation respecting neutrality.

The New York banks have offered for the third 50,000,000 dollars of the Federal loan, and for 100,000,000 dollars of Seven per Cent Bonds.

Lord Lyons has protested against the arbitrary confinement of British subjects, alleging that the authority of Congress was necessary for such measures. Mr. Seward replied to the effect that in the present emergency all classes of society alike must cheerfully acquiesce in the measures which the safety of the people demands, and that the British Government would hardly expect the President to accept their explanation of the Constitution of the United States.

General Price has made a stand at Carthage, Missouri, and a battle was expected. Large reinforcements have gone to Kentucky, where a battle is imminent.

The navigation of the Potomac is almost closed by the Confederate batteries.

For the last few days fighting has been going on at Harper's Ferry, which has resulted favourably for the Federals. It is strongly rumoured that General Fremont will be withdrawn.

MISSOURI.—The following is an extract from a private letter from St. Louis, Missouri, dated the 7th ult.:—"St. Louis is now well fortified; ten batteries surround the city, mounting eighty guns. 20,000 persons have left the city, and 5000 houses are empty. The excitement at the rumoured recall of Fremont was intense. The soldiers mutinied, and the officers resolved on resigning their commissions in consequence. Upper Missouri, as well as the north-east and south-east, are devastated. The rebels have no commissariat; they live on the country they pass through. The inhabitants who leave Missouri have taken refuge in Illinois. It is a great blessing that there has been such an abundant harvest in the west and north-west. No such harvest is ever remembered. Cotton, sugar, coffee, and clothing are from 50 to 100 per cent dearer than they were. Money has almost vanished. Gold is at 7 per cent premium."

AUSTRIA.

According to the *Austrian Gazette* of Monday a Ministerial council has been held in Vienna, under the presidency of the Emperor himself, relative to the affairs of Hungary, at which it was resolved to establish a distinct Hungarian administration, which should carry out the intentions of the Government in every way. The Vienna journal adds that it was not proposed to proclaim a state of siege in Hungary. To appoint, however, an administrative body, charged with the task of forcing Government measures upon an unwilling people, must either mean a virtual state of siege or nothing at all.

MILITARY AFFRAY IN AUSTRIA.—The *Sentinella Bresciana* of the 20th publishes an account of an extraordinary scene at a sham battle among the Austrian troops at Montecchio Precalcino. The Austrian chasseurs were to take the head of the bridge over the Assico, which was defended by two Hungarian companies of the line. At the command "Fire!" the latter were wounded by a gun discharge of small pebbles. Six of them were wounded, three very seriously. This disgraceful trick so exasperated them that they made a charge at once upon the chasseurs with their bayonets. The one who led the Hungarians to the attack was a sergeant, who cried out to his companions in Hungarian, "With the bayonet!" The Colonel, the Major, and the principal officers interfered, but a terrible mêlée ensued; for the fact flew from mouth to mouth, and other Hungarians rushed to the spot, determined to avenge the insult at any hazard. The Archduke Albert saved himself from danger by flight. While they expected him at Thiene he had already taken refuge in his apartment at Vicenza. The grand manœuvres were suspended, and the commotion was at length suppressed by the general officers, who separated by force the Hungarians and chasseurs, and

led them in different directions. There, at present, the matter rests.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

The Emperor of China died at Zehol on Aug. 22. His son, seven years of age, succeeds him, and the government will be administered by a regency. Six members of the Council have been named, among whom Prince Kung does not appear; but, as it is stated that the number will be increased to eight, he may eventually be included. Should it prove otherwise, his exclusion must be accepted as a proof that the old war party is still dominant, and will entail on her Majesty's representative increased vigilance in keeping the Government to its treaty obligations. The mother of the new Emperor is said to be a woman of sense and spirit, who remained in Pekin after the flight of Hien-fung, and endeavoured, though in vain, to induce him to return. From her relationship to the present occupant of the throne, and from her reported character, she will probably have much weight with the Council of Regency.

The Imperialists have succeeded in recapturing Ngunking, an important city on the River Yang-Tse, about fifty miles below Kin-Kianz. The garrison are reported to have been literally starved into surrender after the most horrible sufferings, and to have been slaughtered to a man. In addition to their successes on the Yang-Tse, the Imperialists have recovered the important city of Tsin-Chow, in Kwang-Si.

It is stated that China has already been entered by nearly 100 Protestant missionaries. In the Canton province there are about 28, of whom 17 are in the city of Canton itself. In Fuk-Keen there are 18, in Chi-Kiang 10 or 12, in Kiang-Sa about 23, all in Shanghai; in Shan-Tung, 7, in Chi-Li6, all at Tien-Tsin. In Hankow there will soon be 2, and in Nankin there is 1.

The news from Japan is interesting. It appears that an attack has been attempted on the American Legation, but this Japanese jealousy of Europeans is attributed to the advance of the Russians. Russian intrigue in Japan is, it seems, about to become as great a bugbear as Russian intrigue in China. Admiral Hope is reported to have visited one place, the island of Tsu-Sima, conveniently situated for access either to Japan or China, and there the Admiral found Russian storehouses, a Russian hospital, and a Russian naval station. If these things have alarmed the Japanese as much as they seem to have startled the Europeans, the dislike of the Japanese to foreigners is easily accounted for.

FRANCE.

The *Patrie* of Monday evening states that it is reported that the conclusion of the convention relative to the expedition to Mexico will be announced to the Federal Government, which will be invited to join the allied expedition in order to obtain redress for the injuries done to American subjects.

GREECE.

The would-be assassin of the Queen of Greece, Dusios, has made an unsuccessful attempt to break out of prison. The event has led to further arrests.

INDIA.

The Indian press is engaged principally in the discussion of the great cotton question, and one of the Indian journals puts the subject in an entirely new light. It is admitted that cotton growing has considerably extended in India in consequence of the disruption in America; but it is also stated that there are "zemindars, planters, and ryots, living in the north-west provinces, who remember the days in which screw and cleaning houses existed in that district," and who were ruined by the introduction of American slave-grown cotton to England. It is not unnatural, therefore, it is argued, that these people should require a guarantee that a similar disaster will not again occur; in fact, it is said that in the dépôts on the Ganges there are now 50,000 bales of cotton which cannot find purchasers, and this event is not likely, as it is supposed, to produce confidence in the Indian cotton-growers.

The *Friend of India* says:—"The ex-King of Delhi, Bahadur Shah, is dying in his comfortable wooden house at Rangoon. He is not expected to survive this cold season. He has received every comfort which ten rupees a month could purchase, and has been allowed, in common with his family, to wander at will, on his parole, within the limits of cantonments, a privilege he has seldom been able to avail himself of. His son, Jumma Bukht, and the two brothers, are fast becoming accomplished English scholars. We wonder Bahadur Shah has survived the events of 1857 so long. His wife is still hale and well."

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

At the reopening of the University of St. Petersburg seven hundred students applied for readmission, and on the 24th ult. demanded that those students who had not received a card of admission should, nevertheless, be admitted into the University. Fresh tumults thereupon ensued in the University buildings, resulting in the interference of the military. The students made an active resistance. Two hundred of them were arrested. One student was wounded. It is not thought that this conflict will lead to the reclosing of the University.

There is no news from Poland of any further disturbances, but several of the committee who conducted the funeral of the Archbishop of Warsaw have been arrested. The Marquis Wielopolski has tendered his resignation. General Lambert, whom the last telegram stated to be ill, has since left Warsaw. The new military Governor is said to be General Abramowitsch.

The Catholic and Protestant churches and the Jewish synagogues still remain closed, but the negotiations for reopening them continue. The people pray before the doors of the churches. National songs are no longer sung.

PRUSSIA.

The Berlinese gave a right loyal welcome to their Sovereign on his public entry into their city on Tuesday week. All that ornamentation or pageantry could afford to lend splendour to the occasion was lavishly displayed, to which the enthusiastic vivats of the assembled thousands added a vitality and warmth that must have sunk deep into the heart of his Majesty.

To the general joy which has marked the coronation fêtes of Prussia the King has had one exception, and that one comes from Prussian Poland. To the honorary Canon who represented the Roman Catholic clergy at Bromberg his Majesty was rather severe. He warned the Canon against creating discord between the two nationalities. Nothing of that kind, he said, would be permitted. They were subjects of Prussia, and they "must obey the law in all respects."

SPAIN AND MOROCCO.

The bases of a treaty with Morocco for the final settlement of the war indemnity were arranged on Monday. Morocco will shortly pay 60,000,000 of reals, which, together with the customs duties, will make up the amount (200,000,000 of reals) due by Morocco to Spain. Tetuan will be restored to Morocco.

The majority of the members of the Cortes have agreed to oppose the coalition Opposition under Sartorius and Rios Rosas.

The Spanish expedition against Mexico will leave shortly.

SWITZERLAND.

Several Swiss officers have demanded from the Federal Council leave to take service in the American Federal army. It is replied that the Swiss have not hitherto been prevented from entering that army, and that consequently the Council has no leave to give; that it would be contrary to the law to form in America a Swiss corps without the Swiss flag, but that individually every officer can do as he likes.

TURKEY.

The Porte continues sadly perplexed with the discontent prevailing in its semi-dependent provinces. On the Servian difficulty we learn that it is about to appeal to Europe in the shape of a note to the great Powers. The Servians, on their side, publish a note in which they charge the Turkish Government with encroaching on their rights, and with placing an army on their frontiers, but declare themselves willing to come to a good understanding with the Porte on the removal of the grievances. The insurrection in the Herzegovina is spreading. The Montenegrins have invaded Schuma, and fighting has been going on for the last two or three days. Prince Couza has addressed a note to the Porte demanding a definitive union of Moldavia and Wallachia.

KIU SIU,

A JAPANESE VILLAGE IN THE INTERIOR.

WHAT are all these people looking at? is the first thought that must occur to our readers as they glance at our Engraving. Why, they are looking at us: for we are there represented by a party of English travellers. No doubt the wonder on both sides is equally great on the occasion of such meetings. In spite of the suspicious policy of the Government and the natural dread of foreigners that no doubt prevails in Japan, the people seem quite disposed to be friendly with us when we do come into contact, and are by no means deficient in hospitality to strangers.

The great difficulty seems to be the keeping under proper control the numerous English persons who are now visiting Japan under the late treaty. A few reckless or vicious men may compromise a whole community. The English name has thus been often stained in foreign countries. The Government should see to this, and be as determined to repress outrages against the Japanese as they are to obtain redress for those committed by them. According to all impartial accounts, they are a very interesting people. They are likely to be the first great exception to the general rule, that Eastern nations do not progress. Already the Japanese are making good use of all our more recent inventions; they show a great desire for knowledge; have admirable institutions for teaching the poorer classes; are manly, frank, and capable of heroic self-sacrifice; and, wonderful to say, can teach us some lessons worth knowing; they have little of indigence, and paupers are almost unknown.

We append from Mr. Steinmitz's work on Japan a picture of the people such as we see them in our sketch:—

"All their gowns are fastened about the waist by a belt, which for the men is about the breadth of a hand, and for the women of twelve inches, and of such length as to go twice round the body, with a large knot or rose. The knot worn by the fair sex, which is larger than that worn by the men, shows immediately whether the woman is married or not, as the married women wear the knot before and the single behind. The men fasten to this belt their swords, fan, tobacco-pipe, and pouch. The swords are stuck into the belt on the left side, a little crosswise, and with the edge turned upwards. When a person is seated, the longer sword is taken from the belt and laid on the mat beside him.

"Young girls have the sleeves of their gowns so long as frequently to reach quite down to the ground. I may remark that, on account of the width of their garments, the Japanese are soon dressed and undressed, as they have nothing more to do than to untie their girdle and draw in their arms, when the whole of their dress instantly falls off of itself. The gowns serve also for bedclothes.

"The common people, when at work, are frequently seen naked, with only a girdle about them, or with their gowns taken off the upper part of their bodies, and hanging down loose from the girdles. All the gowns, of all classes and both sexes, are rounded off about the neck, without a cape, open before, and show the bare bosom, which is never covered, either with a kerchief or anything else.

"Within doors, socks are the only covering of the feet. Abroad, shoes are worn, but of the most inconceivably inconvenient kind. They are little more than soles of straw, matting, or wood, mainly kept on by an upright pin or button, held between the two principal toes, which for this purpose project through an appropriate aperture in the socks, or by a horn ring. The impossibility of lifting a foot thus shod in walking may amply account for the awkward gait ascribed to the Japanese. Upon entering any house these shoes are taken off."

THE KING OF PRUSSIA AT DANTZIC.

IF we were to be guided solely by the appearance of things we might say the Prussian Monarch knows what he is about after all when he talks of Divine right to his very obsequious and enthusiastic people. Ill-omened as were the words he uttered, and solemn as was their meaning in being uttered at such a time, we yet see no signs of fading loyalty. But a people doesn't much weigh words unless they come to its ear by the direct expression of things that must be at once dealt with. The Prussian millions will probably as little understand what their Sovereign meant by the excessive unction of his acknowledgment to God for his crown as the people of England understood what their King meant when James I. began to put forth a similar doctrine in the seventeenth century. But the words and the doctrine led to terrible conclusions after all in our case; and we fear the more thoughtful among our brethren of Prussia are by no means assured that they have not dark days and terrible dangers to pass through, of which their King's words may prove alike the cause and the warning. We shall be glad if it be not so. Perhaps the King may content himself with words, and not try to realise the things. Meantime, he is everywhere warmly received by his subjects. On leaving Königsberg on Sunday week he went to Dantzic, which he reached in the evening. Arches, illuminations, and shouting crowds received him, and he spent the night at Government House. From the letters of various correspondents we select picturesque passages:—

DRIVING THROUGH DANTZIC.

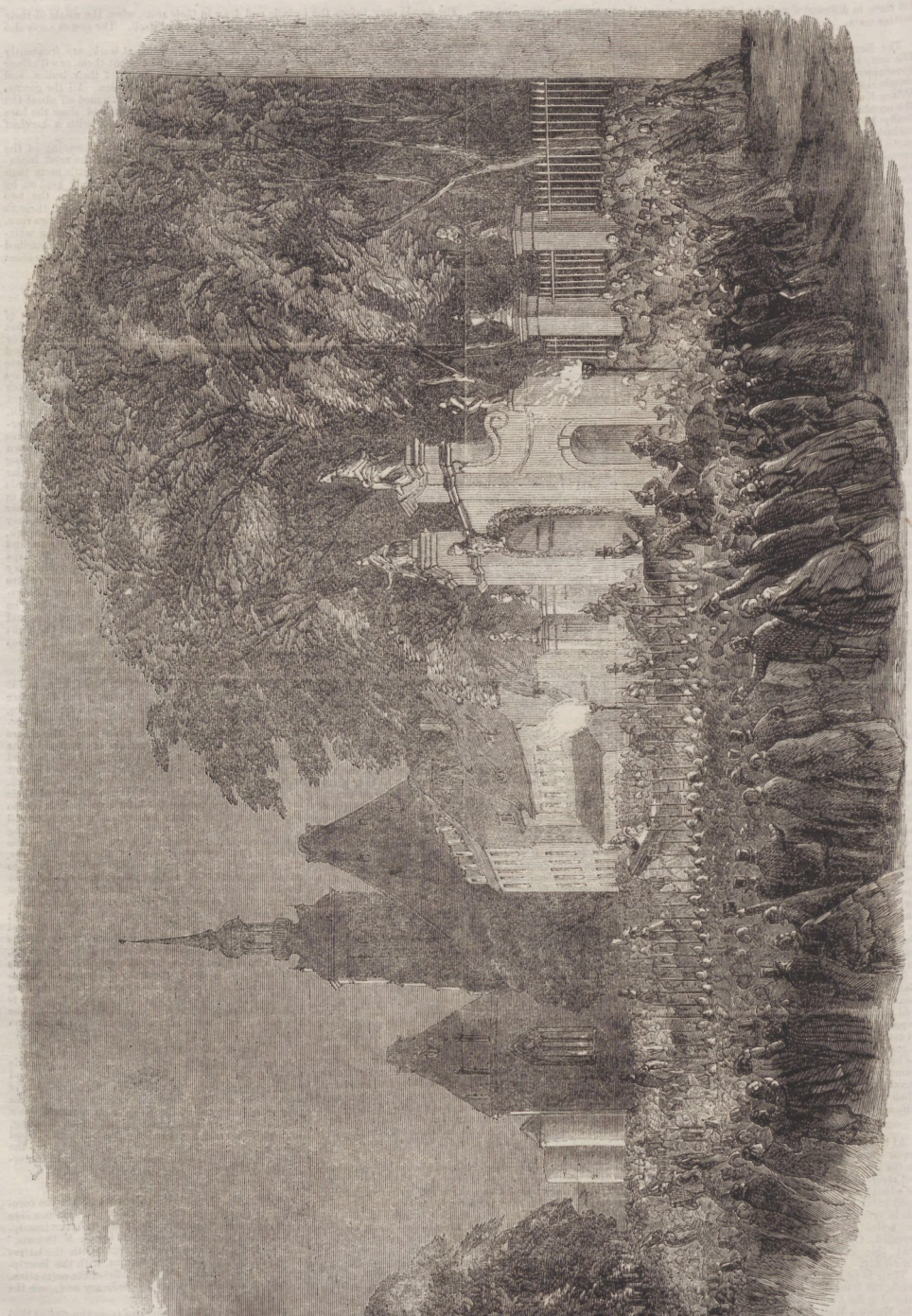
The first carriage holds the King and Queen, and it is remarked that the former looks weary and the latter pale; but that he touches his helmet with a good grace, while she nods with a steadiness, an energy, and perseverance which Royalty alone can attain. The cheers are deafening. The second carriage is occupied by the Crown Prince and Princess Victoria, and it is felt and resented as a grievance that the latter, however efficient in the nodding part of her duties, keeps her veil down. The people of Dantzic, who boast that the air of their city is bracing, have not the least idea that it is also sharp and cutting; and a Princess who keeps her veil down is, must, and can only be, sulky. Surrounding the King's carriage, riding in front, in the rear, at the sides—in fact, everywhere—is the Guild of the Butchers, whose privilege it is, here as well as in Königsberg, to sound boot and saddle and sally forth first and foremost for the reception of the Prussian Sovereigns. The Dantzic Rifles, preceded by their band, and dressed in green coats and black jäger hats with green feathers; the various guilds, with their bands and banners and high poles, displaying the emblems of their various trades, march in due order after the Royal carriages. Conspicuous among them are the gunsmiths, a whole detachment of whom groan under the weight of a preposterous and prodigious weapon—a breech-loading musket above 20ft. long, and stout in proportion. It is the colossal type of the "Zündnadelgewehr" of the Prussian Army, and it bears the legend, "I hoc signo vinces."

THE DEPARTURE FROM DANTZIC.

At seven o'clock in the morning the garrison of Dantzic (about 10,000 men—foot, horse, artillery, engineers, and marines) paraded in the "Exercier Platz," or place of drill, of the artillery, near the railway-station, when they were inspected by the King, who marched down the lines with his usual greeting of "Good morning, soldiers!" to which the soldiers replied with "Good morning, your Majesty!" The inspection over, the King entered the station, and bade adieu to his entertainers of who were assembled on the platform.

Medals have been struck to commemorate the coronation of the King and Queen of Prussia. On one side are the likenesses of their Majesties, with the inscription, "William, King—Augusta, Queen of Prussia," and on the other the national eagle, with the letters W.R., A.R., surmounted by crowns, with the inscription, "To every man his own—medal of the coronation, 1861." On the rim, as on the ordinary coins, are the words, "God with us."

Visitors from Boulogne declare (says the *Critic*) that the Lord Chancellor's new Bankruptcy Act is the most popular reading in that city of sanctuary. It is even said that Mr. Merridew (the local Mudie) has had to provide 400 copies of that interesting work to meet the demands made upon him.



THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S CORONATION: ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PARTY AT DANTZIC.—SEE PICTORIAL PAGE.

TWO BLACK MASKS.—ARRIVAL OF THE MALLE-POSTE AT BEAUREGARD.

Two Black Masks.

BY

BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER I.

Blacksmiths are generally of a revolutionary turn. Their opinions grow red hot with their iron. At the village alehouse they are authorities who pronounce opinions with the help of their gigantic fists, brought down upon the table with the effect of thunder at the right moment. By no means so thoughtful as weavers (who, since the days of Luther, have been prominent in leagues and conventions, and clubs and revolutionary utopias), they are, nevertheless, respected among their neighbours for their downright manliness of temperament.

Edmond, the blacksmith of Beauregard, a village scattered along the great road that stretched—a busy highway in those days—from Paris to St. Omer, Edmond was a very fair type of his class. Not so brawny or powerful a man as your Kentish blacksmith for instance (two men shoe a horse in France), yet he was the strongest man in his canton. And that awful beard which stood rectangularly out—a dense human fir-forest—from the broad fields and furrows of his ample face; those roomy shoulders; that arm which bulged into a vast relief of tangled muscles as it lifted the hammer—proclaimed his championship. At the Bon-Voyageur his entrance commanded a general welcome. Other visitors, the garde champêtre for instance, had their admirers and their enemies, but he was a hero even to his young apprentice. He was also the unanswerable authority on the affairs of the great world beyond the limits of the canton; for before his sooty shed the conductor of the malle-poste would loiter while the horses were changed, and to Edmond the Curé told the gossip of the château.

How carelessly, for the first time, we mention the château—we who shall presently feel our blood freeze within its gloomy ruins!

The village to a baby would have followed Edmond, careless of their destination, while he was in the van. Let us own right honestly that he was a good-hearted fellow. He would cheerfully mend a poor neighbour's door and refuse payment for the work. Meet Edmond on the road in his cart of ash-rails, and he would certainly touch his hat and ask whether "Monsieur would ride." He was in his prime about eight-and-twenty years ago.

The malle-poste, as Edmond loitered at his door, hammer in hand, one summer's evening, suddenly threw up a cloud of dust over the brow of the hill.

"Antoine is in a wonderful hurry to-night," Edmond said, as he shielded his eyes from the slanting rays of the sun with his broad hand, and watched the light vehicle following the curves of the road down the hill. A French driver always considers a steep descent the proper opportunity for a reckless gallop. His carriage rolls in and out of the ruts, it squeaks, and groans, and cracks; it swings in drunken fashion in a cloud of dust or a storm of wind; he yells, and hoots, and hisses, cracks his whip wildly, and stamps with his wooden shoes till the lumbering, tumbling, dirty pell-mell of rope harness, uncombed horses, and unwashed vehicle, jingle again monotonously in the level valley.

TWO BLACK MASKS.—THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

Edmond still surveys the approaching mail-cart. The Curé, with whom he has been gossiping, moves off. His reverence is not friends with Antoine, the conductor. Well, we think also that Antoine was too facetious, as a rule, in the presence of his reverence—his saintship—his eminence. So let the good man go, with that greasy brown book of Latin under his arm.

The mail clatters over the village stones (the reader has perhaps had experience of a French village pavior's skill). Antoine's horse echoes in the mud huts; the driver's hooting and the cracking of his whip excite the anger of thirty barking curs. Antoine nods, and shows his teeth good-humouredly to Edmond as he passes. Antoine beckons that the blacksmith may follow him. Edmond leaves a horse unshod, withdraws his irons from his fire, drops them carelessly into a pail of water; then to Antoine.

Antoine looks very serious to-day. Usually he has a joke for the aubergiste, a sly poke in the ribs for the ostler. Usually he slaps Edmond on the shoulder, and affectionately addresses him as *mon vieux!* To-day he takes his friend by the buttonhole and draws him into the little sanded room behind the bar. Mdme. Planquet brings two little glasses of brandy. Antoine follows her movements impatiently with those restless eyes of his till she has left the room. Still he holds Edmond's sleeve firmly.

"Guess the news!" says Antoine, looking at Edmond; and, lifting a glass of brandy, he strikes it quietly, in token of friendship, against that of the brawny blacksmith. Edmond makes a most impressively impatient gesture. Antoine snatches his hand from Edmond's sleeve, throws himself into an impressive attitude, then:

"Charles the Tenth has made a clear bolt of it!"

While Edmond stares, Antoine shakes his head

backwards and forwards, meaning still to ram and ram the news into the skull of his friend.

"Bah!" bellows Edmond; and then he wipes his lips with the corner of his leather apron.

Still wagging his head solemnly, Antoine again breaks forth: "And Paris is in a state of wild revolution from Batignolles to Mont Parnasse!"

"Bah!" again from Edmond.

"Ay;" the head wags more vehemently still; "and all sorts of laws have been passed: everybody and everything is free; it rains newspapers and blood—blood, *mon cher*; and—and woe to the Legitimists!"

A long, shrill whistle was the blacksmith's answer.

And now, the horses being in, Antoine bids his friend hold his peace till the mail is a good mile or two on its road. Bidding him farewell, he thrusts a roughly-printed paper into Edmond's hand. Edmond is the possessor of the first number of the *Thunderbolt*.

The driver shrieks, the whip cracks like infinite fireworks, the bells of the horses jingle, and the mail toils briskly up the hill that leads from the village.

"My horse has cast a shoe," said a gentleman somewhat haughtily to Edmond, as the burly fellow passed into his shed. "You appear to have more time than I can generally spare for gossip, Monsieur Edmond."

Edmond glanced at his customer rather savagely.

"Come look to the horse at once, my good fellow, or I shall be too late for dinner. Madame and the soup are not the pleasanter for being kept waiting. While the one cools the other warms."

Edmond set to work with a dogged coolness and carelessness. He pulled the bellows string with a gentler hand than usual. He paused at the horse's heels to take a pinch of snuff. He pressed the *Thunderbolt* more firmly in his belt; and, as he glanced at it, refreshed himself by humming, *sotto voce*, a bar or two of "The Marseillaise." Meanwhile his impatient customer kept tapping his boots with his whip or stroking his horse's neck.

"Come, come, be quick, man! You can lounge about afterwards."

Edmond looked steadily at his customer, put down his hammer and his little box of tools deliberately, folded his arms, and pressed his shoulder leisurely against his doorpost.

"Blackguard! you shall suffer for this!" shouted the customer, as he sprang upon his horse, and cantered off towards the château. Edmond very rudely burst out into a hoarse laugh. Antoine's "Woe to the Legitimists!" was ringing in his ears.

He retired to the back of his shed, snatched the paper from his belt, and, as his eyes ran over its wild columns, cursed fate for having doomed him to spell every word that had more than two syllables in it. "Aha! Count de Capelle!" the reader under difficulties repeatedly muttered, as bit by bit he mastered the bloody mysteries described in the *Thunderbolt*. "Aha! Count de Capelle!"

The Count de Capelle rode his shoeless horse to his paternal château on this memorable evening, threw the bridle over its neck before his door, unglued himself, and strode into his dining-room, where his wife, her sister, and his little children were waiting for him—in perfect peace with himself and the world. If the world was at war with him it was no fault of his. He had an open hand for the needy—he had an open heart for men in trouble. Every day beggars passed out from his kitchen with well-filled wallets. He did not walk shoulder to shoulder with the beggar; but God forbid that his heel should rest for one second upon the poor man's neck. He reverenced genius—even genius out at elbow; but he confessed to an hereditary predilection for blood. It would be difficult to determine nicely his notions about the fluid that circulated in the veins of such men as Edmond the blacksmith. He knew that it was red; he had possibly been told that it was warm; and there had been men who had ascertained by analysis that it bore some strong resemblance to his own: but he, for one, had never been convinced of the fact. Constitutionally he was a good-natured man, for how much of the moral man is in his stomach? and he had a kind word for the meanest of his dependents. This kindness of heart, however, never touched the rigidity of his principles. It had never even occurred to him to put himself on a level with a man like Edmond, or to weigh his blood against the brain of the most brilliant parvenu he had met in the salons of the Faubourg St. Honoré. At peace with the world he had lived, and in this calmness he hoped to die. His threat to Edmond faded from his mind as the words died on his lips. He could not, hard as he had tried on one or two occasions, nourish an injury long except to avenge it. He often gave his servants warning, but they hardly heeded his words, well knowing that they were simply so many vibrations of the air. His wife, a much stronger person, often taunted him with his weakness, and sometimes corrected the consequences of his too easy good nature by assuming a large authority over his dependents, and by using this authority with severity. She brought up her two sons and her only daughter to hold their own, to stand aloof from the village children, and learn at once that there could be nothing in common between them. Their *home* had strict injunctions to keep them select, and to tell the Countess if they romped with the cooper's children or played at "touch" with the miller's little daughter. The *bonne*, while obeying her mistress's orders, did not, of course, fail to tell the cooper's wife that such orders had been given. The little patricians themselves would complain to the miller that they had been told never to talk with his little girl. And so this pride of the Countess had become, by degrees, the topic of conversation throughout the mud huts and the few brick-faced houses which constituted Beauregard. The Count had never noticed the coolness that, under the help of his wife, was growing up between the château and the village. He was not an observant man, to begin with; nor had he ever affected the Liberalism of the time. By principle he was an aristocrat of the most exclusive form; but his heart was too warm for tyranny, and his nature too indolent to rule. If a villager made a reasonable request to him it was invariably granted. A misfortune in the village found his help at hand always; still, the hand was extended from an eminence that made itself felt. He filled many mouths, but never warmed many hearts towards him. The women of Beauregard admired his noble carriage and his delicate features; but the men called him "Mâme. la Comtesse," and wondered who was his milliner. When he sat down to dinner on the evening which introduced him to our notice he fell naturally into a conversation on the state of parties in France. He was heart and soul for the King and the Ministers.

The malle-poste which had furnished Edmond with No. 1. of the *Thunderbolt* had borne to Beauregard a letter for the Count de Capelle. As the family sat at dinner Louis, the Count's eldest son, caught sight of the postman's blue blouse, with its red collar, and his glazed cap that attracted the last beams of the departing sun. The man was swinging along the broad carriage-way, balancing his heavy ash stick, ornamented at the handle with a formidable loop of the greasiest leather, and darting it to and fro.

"Good day, postman," said little Louis, bounding upon the steps of the great hall door. "Let me take the letter to papa."

The man touched his hat to the little aristocrat, gave him the letter, and then went round to the kitchen, where he was regularly allowed a glass of cider whenever his duties called him to the castle.

"From Sebastien again," said the Count, reading the address. The eyes of his wife brightened. The Count opened the letter and read it aloud. It ran as follows:—

"Rue de l'Arcade, Paris, July, 1830.

"My dear Baptiste,—I cannot agree with you even now; your explanations are sentimental rather than logical. You should not indulge your own views on men and things to the prejudice of your children. The world may be very far from that state of purity in which we desire to see it; still, is it for men of your position to abandon it, and let it shift still nearer to the whirlpool? Would you not act in stricter accordance with the annals of our house if you were to enter the political lists and help to drive back the hordes of Radicals who threaten to overwhelm us, and with us all that is great and chivalrous in France? Is the house of Capelle to remain tied to the plough-share, like one of its own serfs, when the King is in danger, and when the name of Bonaparte and of Orleans is whispered about Paris? The funds are sinking, public credit is in danger, and you hesitate! Well, your brothers at least have played their part, and have backed the finances of the State to the last shilling. "Your disappointed brother,

"SEBASTIEN DE CAPELLE"

"P.S. I open my letter, my dear brother, to tell you the worst. My hand trembles so that I can hardly write the fatal words. We are lost! The King, poor old man, is on his way to the frontier, and Paris is turned upside down. We are ruined, unless you fly to help us."

The Count dashed the letter to the ground; his wife wrung her hands, and exclaimed "Mon Dieu!" the children continued their game of hide and seek, using their mother's dress every now and then as a screen, without pausing to notice the tears that were in the maternal eyes—blessed carelessness of childhood—and the old servant paused, with the dishes in his hands, staring at the strange commotion.

"Hush, children," said Henri, the servant, as he took the youngest boy by the hand, and, beckoning to Louis and his sister to follow him, left the room.

"Open my bureau for me, Augustine," said the Count at last, as he stood staring vacantly out of window. The Countess obeyed her husband, and then stole to his side to give him counsel. Women dread to see men under the influence of strong excitement; and wondrous is the power with which their frail arms can encompass the sternest man of action. Look boldly down, Count de Capelle, into your wife's eyes, and see how true they are. Here you have a counsellor without thought of self, who will cherish your honour as more precious than her own life.

CHAPTER II.

"Baptiste, have a care!" said the Countess. "When your letter reaches Paris the Jacobins may be Kings."

"Heaven forbid that it should come to that!" the Count answered, playing still with his pen anxious and doubtful.

"Your brothers may be closeted, not with Polignac, but with "——

"With whom?" the Count cried, turning angrily upon his wife. "With whom, Augustine?"

"With Lafayette, Barrot, Guizot," the Countess answered, those sloeback eyes of hers looking full into the heart of her husband, and defying his anger.

"A woman's suspicion!" And, with a sneer upon his lip, the Count turned once more to his desk. The Countess approached, and again hung over his shoulder. As he began his letter she murmured gently but firmly in his ear, watching his expression as she spoke—

"Have you forgotten 1814-1815? Where was Sebastien during the Hundred Days? Did he follow his poor King into exile like a gallant gentleman? Where was Jules when the honour of France was stained at Waterloo?" Seeing the impression she had made, Madame continued rapidly:—"Remember all we have heard of your brothers at the Palais Royal ball, when the Duke of Orleans entertained his father-in-law. They who are always whispering in political circles about a volcano don't intend to be losers by the eruption."

The Count started impatiently.

"Leave the room, Augustine!"

The Countess drew herself up with great dignity, hissed a "Monsieur!" but, seeing that her words had not been lost, obeyed her husband's command. As she left the room she said, "Count, your first duty is to your children—not to your brothers."

"Bah!" cried Baptiste de Capelle impatiently.

And again he turned to his desk. He remained scribbling upon the blotting-paper alone. He could hear the babble and laughter of his children—and to a father's ears what music hath this charm? The servants were humming airs as they worked. Augustine's canaries were singing their loudest and sweetest in her pretty boudoir, that led from the Count's snuggery; and there, he doubted not, sat his wife, tapping her little feet impatiently upon the floor, and bemoaning the obstinacy of man.

Count Baptiste had reason to doubt the loyalty of his two brothers to the elder Bourbon. Sebastien had been a very lukewarm Legitimist during the Empire; and although, when Napoleon was removed to Elba, he was loud in the acclaim he gave Louis XVIII., he was not with that Sovereign, nor near him, nor plotting for him, during the Hundred Days. When, dejected and blighted, Napoleon reached the Elysée after Waterloo, and Count Baptiste's two brothers saw clearly that the allies, who were advancing upon the capital, would bring the Bourbon back with them, they denounced the fallen warrior as Lafayette denounced him: "Through the sands of Egypt and the wastes of Russia, over fifty fields of battle, this nation has followed him devotedly," cried Lafayette, answering the appeal of Lucien Bonaparte to the House of Representatives, "and it is for this that we now mourn the blood of three millions of Frenchmen." The two brothers in short, were politicians whose self-interest was always cared for to the utmost. They regarded politics only in their relation to the Bourse; while they affected the most chivalrous loyalty and consistency. They trimmed, but never rattled. They were never open Bonapartists nor declared Republicans; but their allegiance to the banished Bourbon was as faint as their loyalty to the restored Bourbon was demonstrative and abject. The reference made by the Countess to the appearance of the brothers at the Duke of Orleans' splendid ball, and to their remarks on this memorable fête, was intended to remind her husband of the risk he would run if he went to Paris and committed himself to the guidance of men who were as unstable as sand.

Count Baptiste had lived a quiet, country life, in the midst of peasants who had known and loved his family long before the first Revolution had unsettled men's minds. He had seen the effects of revolution upon the peasantry about him; and his observations had taught him to regard constitutional government with aversion. He believed in the *régime* of the great Monarch. The relation between the landlord and the tiller of the soil should be that of father and child. Charters, bills of rights, reform bills, were figures of discord and of civil strife to Count Baptiste. He hated journals and journalists. The journals had made the Revolution a bloody and disastrous passage in French history. The tricolor was, to him, anarchy's dismal flag, to be torn to rags at the first opportunity. "The lily of the Bourbon is fit emblem of the purity of their cause," he said; and added, that as for those Jacobins he would paint the poisonous hemlock upon the foul rag they madly bore aloft, when the mob was victorious. Count Baptiste had strong opinions; but he did nothing. He had a lofty sense of duty; an overweening estimate of the importance of the class to which he belonged; but he was infirm of purpose. His resolution was never fixed. For instance, he had determined to make the best of his way to Paris when he received Sebastien's urgent letter, and to support the King's cause with his last twenty-sous piece; but a word, a hint from his wife had left him, pen in hand, to cover his blotting-paper with caricatures of Robespierre, Marat, and Desmoulins, which he executed humorously enough.

The Countess returned to her husband's room.

"Pardon," she said ceremoniously as only a French woman can say it, "if I disturb the Count. But I am sending some letters to my friends, and I thought Henri might take them all together. There is no time to spare, for the post-bag will be closed in half an hour."

"To whom have you been writing, Augustine?" Count Baptiste asked, with the air of a man who intended to be answered completely.

"Monsieur!" cried the little Countess with that freezing air of hers, her hands lying delicately upon her crossed arms, and looking lovely (as she well knew) upon the black rich lace of her sleeves. She tossed her head when the Count repeated his question.

"You take your course, and I mine. You go to Paris to help your brothers, and imperil the property of your children. I remain here, with my children; and I shall seek proper protection for them, in the absence of their natural protector, wherever it may please me to apply."

"Madame de Capelle," the Count cried, bringing his fist down upon his desk with a strength that scattered pens and paper upon the floor, "you may retire wherever it may please you to put yourself in safety. If I thought any danger could reach my children here I should not

leave them for an hour. But no stranger selected by you passes my gates. Here I am master. Do you hear *that*, Madame?"

Another blow with the fist upon the desk. The Countess smiled, and, advancing intrepidly a few steps towards her husband, arranging a puckered flounce as she advanced, she moistened her lips, to give them full expression—

"Monsieur appears disposed to forget himself, and to forget what is going forward in Paris. The King has directed that the *canaille* shall be swept from the streets, but suppose that the Royal Guard and the Swiss are not equal to the task. Suppose that rumours reach the village of the defeat of the troops, the taking of the Hôtel de Ville, the sacking of the Tuileries. You tell me that the King has merely retired to St. Cloud, and that your friend played cards with the tranquil Sovereign while the sound of the Paris artillery swept to his palace. His Majesty at the card-table and the streets of his capital red with his subjects' blood. Let me compliment you, M. de Capelle, on your noble King."

"Begone, Madame, while my temper remains within bounds." Madame only smiled. "It is not for us to question the taste or habits of our Royal master. It is a day of disgrace to me when disloyalty falls from my wife's lips. Begone, Madame!"

But Madame only advanced nearer her husband, that she might dart some more "wholesome truth" into his ear.

"I am a woman before anything. I see mothers in agony over slaughtered children; babes—poor little souls!—staring at the ashy pallor of a murdered father; brave, misguided boys facing death as men face it. In the midst of all this wicked work an old gentleman smiling and chattering over his cards! Think your worst of me. That old man has no respect from me, nor will have from any woman. Is your letter ready?"

The voice of the Count fell from anger to sullenness. His letter would be ready presently.

"You have only five minutes, Monsieur, remember. I will send your servant to you at the latest moment." She bowed profoundly, and, with a smile upon her face, withdrew, observing as she opened the door that "the lock must absolutely be mended." A job for Edmond.

Count Baptiste turned once more to his desk, desperately determined not to be influenced by his wife's tongue. He would just write to Sebastien for a full and frank account of the state of parties, and if it was clearly proved that the son of St. Louis was in danger he would at once speed to Paris; and, if there were need, he would help to convict the two hundred and twenty-two deputies, who had supported the insolent answer to the King's speech, of treason.

"This time," he muttered to himself, "we will have a Royal guard round the guillotine, and rascals upon it."

Many honest folks did the King's Lancers cut to the earth, but his Majesty was never permitted to get a firm hold of the guillotine. It was not unnatural that the Count should place implicit belief in the rumours that everywhere the Royal troops would overthrow the mob. The Count thoroughly believed in this triumph; Polignac was confident; the Swiss fought like lions. The obstinate, dense old cardplayer at St. Cloud was confident to the end—issued Royal ordinances when his sceptre was broken to powder—when his throne was broken—when his portrait in the Louvre was defaced—and when plebeians were carousing at their own wild will in his Royal cellars. His Swiss had fought in vain—in vain had Marmont led desperate charges upon his Majesty's infuriated lieges. These tidings of civil war could reach a provincial family nearly two hundred miles from Paris only by slow degrees. In the turmoil the Moniteur had disappeared; and where else could a Legitimist hope for full and correct news? There was indeed no hope. The news that reached Beauregard was filtered from mouth to mouth by the people. To rumours so spread the Count Baptiste was not the man to attach much importance.

And so he determined to write a long and most explicit letter to his brother Sebastien. All the welcome rumours of Royalist victories had respectable authorities at their back, whereas the rest were the tavern talk of sots.

The Count had fairly begun his letter when Henri entered the room.

"Has the Count any letters? I have only just time to catch the post."

The Count hesitated, and Henri waited deferentially, hat in hand. His master at last threw his pen spitefully away, saying, "There's not time enough to-day. Ask the Countess to step this way before you take her letters."

Some peasants passed along the road, singing. The Countess opened her boudoir door and whispered, maliciously, "Do you hear, Count de Capelle?"

"Heaven be merciful!" cried Baptiste de Capelle. "'The Marseillaise!'"

(*To be continued.*)

ALLHALLOW EVE.

ALLHALLOW EVE (Nov. 1), being All Souls' and All Saints' Day, is the night of all others on which the Irish peasantry believe that ghosts, witches, and fairies, but especially the redoubtable phoca, are so industrious in playing pranks on unwary travellers, and supernatural events narrated by such adventurers form themes for gossip at many a cottage fireside for many a long night afterwards. It is, therefore, not surprising that this evening should be spent in a more festive manner than any other by this imaginative people, as, from its associations, it has lost none of its pristine interest, whilst most other national customs seem gradually to have vanished from amongst them. On Allhallow Eve a number of the younger peasantry from the adjacent neighbourhood assemble at the house of some old farmer who in his youth had been the gay leader of every merrymaking throughout the county, and still took delight in seeing others enjoy the sports he was no longer capable of partaking. A collection being made, the merry party are soon supplied with plenty of eatables, and the indispensable mountain dew in profusion, for the occasion; the scaltheen, or cross sticks, being then suspended from the roof and decorated with apples and lighted candles placed alternately on its points, and, being kept twirling round, invites many a candidate to compete for the ruddy prize; but singed hair or eyelashes, together with the pleasure of being laughed at, is often the reward of his exertions. As a cooler to this amusement, diving or money in a tub of water is next resorted to; and many a fair mountain nymph forsakes her native element for a while and bears from beneath the pellucid water the shining silver between her teeth, which rival it in whiteness. Burning nuts, fortune-telling, and stories are next engaged in, all of which are wound up with a dance, until the time arrives (one o'clock) when the enchantment of the night is broken, and all may return, unmolested by fay or phoca, to their respective homes.

Recreations.

WE commence our theatrical criticism at a period when all things theatrical are in a state of transition, both in reference to details and principles. Tradition in art is nowadays as fiercely repudiated as it is in politics. The present shows a struggle, and the future promises a triumph. Meanwhile the past retires reluctantly, still maintaining some sort or shadow of conflict while it recedes. While M. Fechter is introducing the action of intelligence on stage management, and surrounding the performance of "Othello" at the PRINCESS' with all the appliances that could be brought from the French stage to bear on an English Elizabethan drama, we have Mr. G. V. Brooke, at DRURY LANE, making his appearance, after eight years' absence, in the same tragedy, with nothing but the old business and the old scenes, supported by associates who make no attempt to act their parts, but are content to be the foils of the Australian star. In like manner Mr. Booth, at the HAYMARKET, gives us the old conventional Richard III. after the manner of the elder Kean and his own father, showing clearly enough that he has judgment, talent, and force, but doing nothing as yet to advance the cause of the drama or improve the condition of the stage. M. Fechter, therefore, has, in fact, the field to himself, and affords the only opportunity for original remark.

The manner in which, under this gentleman's direction, the tragedy of "Othello" has been placed on the modern stage commands not only the fullest recognition, but invites much criticism. The traditions of the stage which have accompanied the performances of the Shakspearean drama were once thought to be so important that we recollect such actors as the Kembles asserting that their proper acquisition was the labour of a life. To know where to stand, and how to stand, was of itself regarded as a matter that required the experience and the practice of years. Nevertheless, the ordinary arrangements were comparatively simple, and, beyond settling the entrance and the exit, resolved themselves into the questions whether or not the performers should advance to the front, and at what distance the interlocutors should remain from one another, when they should cross, and when they should retire. It was seldom that they had to trouble themselves about sitting. Such an attitude was reserved for some great occasion, when, to form a striking group, one character might sit, while the other or others might stand or stamp about. Yet, as we have said, these meagre arrangements were supposed to require intense study, an active memory, and constant attention. Now, with comparative facility, these conditions have of late years been materially altered; and speculative actors, to maintain their celebrity, have exercised their invention in producing spectacular revivals of Shakspeare in which all the dispositions of the stage should be novel. M. Fechter has adopted the same plan to establish his reputation. Having great difficulties to surmount, considerable deficiencies to cover, and not enjoying a robust physique, but being a well-practised artist with an inventive mind—one might almost say with a creative intelligence—he was naturally prompted by his interest and his idiosyncrasy alike to aim at the new and the startling. He has, accordingly, placed "Othello" on the stage with an abundance of new business, in which the actors continually vary their positions, according to the suggestions of the text, and are provided with scenic appliances and stage appointments to aid their conceptions in every possible manner. They stand, they sit, they group together, they separate, they stand close or distant, just as they might do in actual life were they engaged in the same action and speaking the same words. The most beautiful scenery and the most gorgeous costumes are provided for the occasion; and the result is, we are treated to a performance of "Othello" which, as a whole, excels all previous example.

With such a profusion of accessories as we have above indicated the acting of the play has generally been of secondary importance. But this has not been the state of the case on the present occasion. We have scarcely ever seen the tragedy so well acted. M. Fetcher, indeed, is not so happy in Othello as he was in Hamlet. It makes demands on his physical energy to which he is not equal; the language also is more ponderous and rhythmical, and requires more elocutionary accomplishment in English than any foreigner can be supposed to possess; but beyond that we find that the actor has supported himself by the most extensive study of his part, and has engendered, as it were, a feeling of it in himself which persuades the sympathy of the audience, and compels even the critic to acknowledge his pathos. He has likewise been at infinite pains to instruct his fellow-actors in a like rendering of their respective parts. Mr. Ryder's Iago, accordingly, becomes such an interpretation of the character as we have seldom seen, and, indeed, excited wonder and admiration on the first evening. Mr. George Jordan, as Cassio, was exceedingly good, and Mr. Shore as Roderigo excellent. Miss Carlotta Leclercq was graceful as Desdemona, and Miss Elsworthy forcible (perhaps too forcible) as Emilia. Even Mr B. Potter, as Brabantio, merits notice. The management cannot but succeed while it makes such efforts to deserve success.

A new farce was produced on Monday at DRURY LANE, by Mr. Stirling Coyne, entitled "A Terrible Secret," which gave opportunity to Mr. Atkins to distinguish himself as Mr. Hiram Henpecker. He has been deluded into believing that he had been accepted as a freemason and gone through all the ceremonies; and, having no faculty of secretiveness, is in perpetual terror lest he should betray the mysteries. He has in reality only been made a member of a society called the Buffaloes, and with this explanation his fears are ended, and also the farce in which they are embodied. It was exceedingly well received.

Sporting News.

THE NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.—Monday

Selling Handicap—Picnic f., 1. Absinthe, 2.
Sweepstakes of 10 sovs.—Vulture, 1. Lopcatcher, 2.
Selling Handicap Sweepstakes.—Chiffonnière, 1. Brother to Teddington, 2.
Maiden Plate.—Picnic f., 1. Carisbrook, 2.
Sweepstakes of 10 sovs.—King of the Forest, 1. Gallus 2.
Criterion Stakes.—Old Calabar, 1. Nottingham, 2.
Handicap Plate.—Acco, 1. Captain Fortibus, 2.

Tuesday.

Fifty Pounds—Steelpen c, 1. Fannie c, 2.
Sweepstakes of 10 sovs.—Restes, 1. Rover, 2.
Cambridgeshire Stakes—Palestro, 1. Gabrielle d'Estrées, 2.
Optional Selling Stakes.—Gazelle, 1. Tarragona, 2.
Sweepstakes of 10 sovs—Leontes, 1. Clematis, 2
Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs.—East Sheen, 1. Mahala, 2.
Selling Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs.—Flash in the Pan, 1. Pardalote, 2.
All aged Stakes.—Fairwater, 1. Costa, 2.
£50 Plate.—Waterwitch, 1. Will-o'-the-Wisp, 2.
Sweepstakes of 200 sovs.—Athleta walked over.

DEERFOOT AT BIRMINGHAM.—A handicap race of four miles came off on Monday at the St. Helena Gardens, Balsall Heath, the first prize being a handsome silver cup, of the value of £25, to the winner, and money prizes to the second and third man. The competitors were handicapped according to their previous performances, and the following five accepted the conditions—viz., E. Mills, of London (the six-mile champion runner), who was placed at scratch; Deerfoot (the ten-mile champion runner), fifty yards start; S. Barker, of London (the challenger of the ten-mile champion cup), fifty yards start; W. Richards, of Millwall, 440 yards start; and J. Roberts, of Birmingham, 440 yards start. Only four competitors appeared, S Barker not going to the post. The course is a small one, only some few yards over 220, so that they had to run thirty-four times round to complete four miles. Richards and Roberts in their 440 yards advantage had rather more than two rounds (or laps) start of Mills, and rather less of the Indian, so that Mills had to pass them three times and the Indian twice. About 3000 persons paid for admission to the grounds, but every eminence commanding a view was densely crowded, and at a few minutes to four, the competitors having taken up their allotted positions, the pistol was fired to start. On going off, the Indian and Mills at once began to show their superior speed, and it was soon evident that they were gaining on the two who had a start of 440 yards, Mills striving to the utmost to close up the gap of 50 yards between himself and Deerfoot. The easy style of Mills was much admired, and from the commencement of the race the interest was confined to him and the Indian. The latter two dashed on amidst loud cheering, and the excitement was much increased when they each had passed Richards and Roberts the requisite times to make up the 440 yards start given them; but notwithstanding all the efforts of Mills he could not overtake the Indian. Richards ran on most gamely, but Roberts gave in when he had gone three miles and a half. On entering the fourth mile Deerfoot was leading. Mills was again struggling to close up with him, and as often the Indian spurted away, Richards bringing up the rear. When a quarter of a mile from home Mills made his final effort, and got within ten yards of the Indian flyer, but all his exertions failed, and he fell quite exhausted within two laps of the finish. Richards, who went the whole distance, passed the goal twenty yards behind the victor. Deerfoot completed the four miles (less fifty yards start) in a few seconds over twenty minutes.

ALLHALLOW EVE.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

DEATH OF SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

CHANGE of political views is by no means an uncommon occurrence among our public men. Mr. Monckton Milnes was once a Conservative; now he is a Liberal. Sir E. B. Lytton started in life as a Radical; he is now a Conservative. But it is uncommon for a man to go from one party to the other and then go back finally to his first love. Yet this is very nearly what Sir James Graham has done.

During his early political life he was accounted a Radical: in 1830 he accepted the post of First Lord of the Admiralty, under Earl Grey; but resigned in 1834 on the Irish Church question, thinking that the Whigs were going too far. After remaining for a short time, together with the present Earl of Derby, in a neutral position, he joined the Opposition under Sir Robert Peel; and when that statesman came into power, in 1841, he took office as Home Secretary, ably supporting his financial and commercial reforms, his Maynooth Bill, and, finally, his proposal to repeal the corn laws. An able Home Secretary he was, also an arbitrary one, and he was exposed to much odium for having authorised the opening of the letters of political refugees. He went out with Sir Robert Peel in 1846, and, although sitting on the Opposition benches, he abstained from active opposition to Lord John Russell till the question of Papal aggression arose, when he took a decided part against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Several attempts by Lord John Russell to induce him and his friends to coalesce with the Whigs failed, nor would he step in to avert the downfall of the Whig Cabinet in 1852. To the Derby Administration he was a determined opponent, manifesting very decided Liberal tendencies; indeed, he was at one time regarded as the proximate Premier of an ultra-Liberal Administration. He was the prime mover of the tactics that led to the defeat of Lord Derby; and the public were somewhat surprised to find that, in the new Ministry of Lord Aberdeen, he had returned to his earliest official post, at the Admiralty. He manifested the same spirit of self-denial that had actuated Lord John Russell. Sir James Graham was one of those appointed to draw up the Reform Bill; and he has taken an active share in either framing or modifying almost every great measure passed within the last twenty years. To great vigour of mind and application he united shrewdness, sagacity, and a debating talent characterised by simplicity and force. While in Parliament he could be alternately impressively eloquent or soundly argumentative: as a hustings orator, for an *ad captandum* speech, he had no superior. His administrative talent was of the highest order. As a tactician and partisan he was one of those men in whom Cromwell delighted as "thorough;" never doing anything by halves, but throwing the whole force of his vigorous faculties into whatever he undertook. Thus, at different epochs, he has seemed to outvie both Radicals and Conservatives in earnestness of purpose; but usually cooling down in office (whether in the one character or the other), and grappling with his administrative duties with the same masculine determination. Sir James Graham was born in 1792. He has sat for various places—for Carlisle, East Cumberland, the Pembroke boroughs, Dorchester, Ripon, then again for Carlisle.

He died at Netherby Hall, the family seat in Cumberland, on the 25th of October, of disease of the heart. The late Baronet was a D.C.L. of Cambridge, elected in 1835; and was Lord Rector of Glasgow University in 1840. He is succeeded in the baronetcy and estates by his eldest son, Frederic Ulric, born April 2, 1820, who married, in October, 1852, Lady Hermione St. Maur, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

Gipsy Experiences.

BY A ROUMANY REI.

(*Completed from No. III., page 42.*)

I STOOD where Sinfi had taken leave of me, and watched the caravan till her bright shawl disappeared round a turn of the green lane. I flattered myself she looked round just before she vanished. And then, when the lane was still and lonely again, I turned my face towards Cambridge. "The King's Hedges," I have said, end abruptly in the fields, from which the road is divided by a low quickset fence. I was making a gap in it large enough to let me through, when I was pulled up by a gruff voice, which exclaimed in the true nasal *twang* of Cambridgeshire, "Neow then, where are yeou a geowing teow?" It was the farmer, who didn't relish my unceremonious way of dealing with his young quickset. I explained, as satisfactorily as I could, that, as it was obvious I must get out of the lane, it was perfectly clear I must trespass on his inclosures. He tried to set me right on that point, by recommending that I should go round by the Linton-road—an addition of some three miles to my walk—which, as the sun had now set, I had no inclination for. However, by dint of discussion, we became better friends, strange to say; and at last our reconciliation was so complete that he showed me round to a gate which led into his homestead, and thence guided me, without interfering with his fences, or trampling down his young wheat, to the high road. I told him of my gipsy encounter, and learned from him that the lane was a regular camping-place for these people; that he had nothing to complain of from them; and that if they stole fowls and ducks, and killed sheep, it certainly was not in the neighbourhood of the camps, where suspicion was sure to fall upon them, and where the discovery of a cock's feather or a duck's foot would certainly be proof enough, in the eyes of a couple of country magistrates sitting in petty sessions, to justify a summary committal of the gang as rogues and vagabonds. We parted company at the road. I proceeded quietly to college, supped, slept, and dreamt I was making wonderful progress in Roumany under the tuition of Sinfi.

Two days after, however, I had ceased to think much about gipsies, being by that time deep in preparation for our annual college examination, which was close at hand, and with the importance of which I was duly impressed, as a decent and sober freshman ought to be.

"I COULD STAND IT NO LONGER—I RAN TO THE SCENE OF CONFLICT. ALL WAS OVER—KEANE AND HIS BRAVE ARMY HAD ACHIEVED A COMPLETE VICTORY."

On the third day I was disturbed in a struggle with Müller's Dorians by a rap at my oak, which was sported as befitted the time and my great resolves. "I won't open," thought I. The knock was repeated, peremptorily. It was clearly some one determined to come in. I had no duns then, and few "rowing" acquaintance, so on the third summon I opened. The intruder was a stranger, a mild though determined-looking man, of middle age, quietly dressed, but with a sporting "something" in his style and manner which told me at once he was neither a town-touter for orders nor a Cambridge tradesman. He told me in a few words that he was a superintendent in the London detective police; that he had been ordered down from town in consequence of a robbery of sovereigns, to a large amount, from a farmer's wife in Huntingdonshire.

The robbery had been perpetrated by two young gipsy women, and had not been discovered by the victim of it till the morning before my visitor's call upon me.

"I've not lost any time, Sir," he told me, with a sort of quiet pride. "We seldom do. I've been looking up all the camps in these parts, and I think I'm on the right lay at last. But you must allow me to ask you a few questions."

"Certainly," I said.

"I've been told by Mr. —— (my farmer of "The King's Hedges") that you were in company with some gipsies near his place on Wednesday, who decamped the same day."

"Yes."

"Do you know their names?"

"Smith—Euri Smith, Athaliah Smith his wife, and Sinfi Smith, their niece."

He nodded. "Exactly; and two girls, called Florentia and Morella—strappers; one with a red-and-green tartan shawl, and a yellow handkerchief on her head; the other with a cloak, striped brown and green, and a blue-and-crimson handkerchief under a black beaver bonnet?"

The description was exact.

"Two such girls, I told him, had come up, just before I parted company with the family.

"And now, Sir," he said, "try and tell me what time it was, as near as you can; what direction they came from, and what passed."

I told him as exactly as I could, not forgetting the mysterious *Bori Hokani*, which had stuck in my memory.

He struck his hand on his knee as I repeated the words. "I thought so," he said, after a moment; "that's my lot, as sure as skittles. And there were no other men there but this Euri?" he continued, after another short pause.

"None; nor did I hear them talk of any."

"In course not, Sir," he said, with a half smile; "in course not. And now, Sir," he added, with an apologetic look at my open books, "if you could give me an hour, Sir, I should like you to go with me as far as that camping-place."

I hesitated at this proposal, I confess; for it seemed a sort of treason to my gipsy acquaintances.

As if he had read the motives of my hesitation, he went on, "The fact is, Sir, I only want to be taken to the exact spot; or we shall have some work to find the *pattran*."

"The *pattran*?" I said, interrogatively.

"Ah, I forgot you ain't up to their games, Sir. The *pattran*, sir, is the gipsies' way of letting their friends know which road they've taken. There were two men belonging to that camp, sir, who hadn't come in when they started, and they are safe to have left 'em the *pattran*. So if you *could* take a lift with us, Sir"——

I confess I felt some curiosity to see how it would all end; and the prospect of a gipsy-hunt was exciting. Besides, I had no intention of being in any way accessory to its denouement, beyond honestly telling all I had seen; and I fancied it might be better for Sinfi that I should be on the spot if the chase should end in a capture.

Accordingly I intimated to Mr. Keane my readiness to accompany him not only to "The King's Hedges," but as far as he liked to take me—filled my cigar-case and a pocket flask of cognac—and proceeded in his company to the Bishop's Hostel gate, where his "trap," as he called it, was in waiting. This was a light but strong spring-cart, with a wiry little mare between the shafts; and which, I found, was to carry, besides ourselves, two sergeants of the Cambridge police, who had been placed by the magistrates at Mr. Keane's orders, and who evidently looked up to their London brother with the greatest respect. We rattled off briskly for "The King's Hedges," and on the way Mr. Keane explained to me the mysteries of the "*Bori Hokani*" and the "*pattran*" as follows:—

"You see, Sir, these here gipsies are a rum set, and have their own dodges and lurks, quite different from our London cracksmen, or the yokels either. The men don't do much harm beyond making bad money, and a little sheep-slaughtering, and a deal of horse-jockeying, and such like—nothing to speak of. It's the women that does the great stroke of business. They're uncommon knowin' at it, to be sure, and gets in with ignorant servant girls, and such like, and works the area sneak, under the stall (cover) of fortune-telling, and love charms, and such like. But of all their dodges, there's none they swag as much by as the *Bori Hokani*, as they call it in their patter—'the great trick,' that means, as I'm told, Sir; leastways it *is* a great trick, and this is the way they works it. They'll get round some old farmer's wife, Sir, in an out-of-the-way place, when they knows there's money kept in the house—for there's many of them farmers as wouldn't trust the Bank of England with a sovereign—and when the husband's out of the way they sticks it into the poor ignorant woman, as how they can make money breed money, all along of a charm they've got. So they indooces the ignorant woman to let 'em put up her husband's sovereigns for her, which they does safe enough in a parcel, and gives it her, and makes her lock it up in a drawer, or a chest, or such like, and says some gibberish, and acts some games over it, and tells her that in such and such a time if she opens the parcel she'll find two sovereigns for one. But don't you see, Sir, they had another parcel with 'em, made up just like the one they've packed the sovereigns in (and that's why they always puts it up themselves), filled with lead dumps, or such like, and by a fakement—I beg your pardon, Sir—a sleight-of-hand like, you know, they change the packet of sovereigns for the packet of lead fardens, in giving on 'em up to put into the box, and they walks their chalks with the tin; and when the old lady opens her box, and mistakens her parcel to look for her young canaries, you know, Sir, she finds the blessed dumps, and precious aggrawated she is, in course, and her husband too—for he's safe to find it out—and that's the *Bori Hokani*, Sir; and those two limbs of girls as came up when you was at the camp, Sir, they'd been all that identical day down near Alconbury Hill, and they'd nailed nigh upon eighty pound at that game I've told you; and that's what I'm arter, as I said in your room, Sir."

I anxiously inquired how far he supposed the rest of the tribe were implicated.

"The old 'uns is safe to be afore the facts in it," he said. "As for the others, we'll see when we nails 'em. Leastways, I shall grab the lot, I know," he concluded, with a pleasant look to his provincial associates, who agreed with him in this, as in everything.

By this time we had reached the scene of my first gipsy lesson, which had not promised so exciting a catastrophe. I pointed out every locality as exactly as I could. The detective listened as if he was riveting every word in his memory with a thump of his determined will, and, when I had concluded, thanked me, and said quietly, "Now for the *pattran*," and he looked at his provincial assistants with a calm consciousness of superiority. It was evident they hadn't the remotest notion what *the pattran* might be.

"Ah—I forgot; you ain't up to that. Look here—and you too, Sir, if you like, for every pair of eyes is useful sometimes—the *pattran* is the gipsy's road-mark. They can track each other over all England by it. This is it. When they takes a turn right or left (and they goes uncommon queer roads, to be sure) either they make a cross in the roadway, if it's a place where there ain't much traffic and the ground suits, with their nailed shoes; not planting the marks, mind, close together, so that you'd see 'em with half an eye, but careless like, here and there; if it's a cross, with the long end pointing the way they've took. But it ain't always that, by no means. Sometimes it's a branch broken down to an angle, and pointing to their road; sometimes it's a rag stuck on a bush at the corner they turn; sometimes a wisp of straw as you'd think had been caught up out of a farmer's cart passing with a load—but there's a knot in it that *they* know and *I* know (he said this with a chuckle), for I was put up to the game by an old chap as had been a gipsy himself), leastways he *is* one still, but don't travel, for he's turned respectable, and does a putting-up job for us now and then. And now that you knows what the *pattran* is," he said to the provincials with the same careless consciousness of mastery which marked all his communications with them, "perhaps you'll just open both your eyes uncommonly wide and help me to pick it out hereabouts."

"But," I suggested, "how do you know they have left one?"

"Ah! there was them girls' two brothers as hadn't come up when they started. They were safe to leave them 'the Roomany card;' that's what we calls it, you see, Sir."

While he spoke he had guided us to the lane end; and now began a very exciting bit of backwoodsmanship. Keane quested and cast about like a hound, now with his nose close to the ground, anon peering with all his eyes into the hedge, carefully avoiding any touch that could displace a twig or scatter a pendent straw. His companions, at a long distance, of course, followed his example as they best might. I was absorbed by the London detective, who worked like a bloodhound, while the provincials might have been turnspits. At last Keane "pointed." I can give no other name to the dead set with which he suddenly stood transfixed. I hastened up and found him gazing intently at an insignificant-looking bunch of grass that hung on a low bush of elder some ten yards from the end of the lane and which I should have certainly passed twenty times without noticing it, even after his description of the marks to be looked for. "That's it, Sir," he said, pointing to the bit of weed with the same noiseless chuckle which I had before observed was his expression of self-content. "Look here, my lads," he added to the admiring "yokels," who had now come up. "Now you'd say that was a bit of natural grass, that had been flung up there in hedging-work; but look here," and carefully removing the bunch from its twig, he showed us three knots in it, the largest in the middle. "That's a Roumany mark, that is; and they have taken this road; so on we goes again," he said merrily, as we remounted the spring-cart and rattled along the road, which, luckily for us, was straight for nearly a mile, with no turn that did not end in a farm-steading or a dungheap.

But how the deuce are you ever to come up with them," I asked, after he had trotted along for some minutes, "if it is to take you as long at every turn as at that?"

"Ah! If they was continually a-running away from us that would be all werry true; but don't you see, Sir, when they've put forty mile or so between them and these parts, they'll take it easy, for they're a lazy sort, and don't like fast travelling, when they can help it, anyhow. It ain't often as they have one of *us* arter 'em, or they'd maybe not be so easy about distances."

"Will they travel at night?"

"Not arter the first night, Sir, it don't suit 'em, and the *mokes* (donkeys) ain't equal to more than thirty mile a day, good going. I don't fancy, somehow, they're more nor sixty mile ahead of us, Sir; and the mare has covered more nor that between light and dark many a time. To be sure, that *pattran* is 'ockerd."

And so we jogged along, at a swinging trot of some eight miles an hour, Mr. Keane enlightening us as to the detective dodges, of which he had an apparently inexhaustible repository, which the provincial policemen drank in with a strong professional as well as person a relish.

We had by this time left the highway, and were on abominable cross-country roads. Every now and then we pulled up at a divergence of tracks, sometimes coming to a puzzling place where three roads met. At every such point we made a cast for the *pattran*, with more or less success as to time, but always recovering our clue before we left the spot. I had by this time got so interested in this novel kind of hunting that I had quite forgotten my qualms of conscience, and picked out the *pattran* more than once, eliciting a tempered commendation from Mr. Keane, which was enough to give me great value in the eyes of the provincial functionaries.

We had now been about six hours on the road; and, as we had started at twelve, we could not look for more than two hours and a half, at most, of such light as we wanted.

The provincials had already turned the conversation, more than once, on the subject of supper and quarters for the night. But Mr. Keane did not condescend to notice these low material wants while there was business to be done and daylight to do it by.

It might have been between seven and eight o'clock, and we had made, stoppages included, some four-and-twenty miles—for our little mare's frequent rests enabled us to put the steam on, when we did get a bit of unbroken road that permitted it—when we pulled up at a place where not three, but five, roads converged. Keane looked annoyed.

"Not an hour's light afore us," I heard him mutter; "and five of these blessed *droms* (roads) to choose from—'owsomever;" and he swung out of the cart, and made his cast without more grumbling, assigning to each of us a road, and taking two to his own share.

We had worked for a quarter of an hour without success, when a shout from one of the "locals," as Mr. Keane called them, drew us in his direction. We found him on all fours, with his nose almost flattened among the ruts.

"There, Mr. Keane, Sir," he said, in an excited manner. "'Ere's the cross, Sir."

There *was* the cross, sure enough, marked in the dust; and now the only point to determine was along which road pointed the long arm.

"D—n the fellow," Keane blurted out, after a few minutes' careful observation, "if he hasn't been down among the tracks, and a rubbin' on 'em out all round, with his confunded 'ands and knees; and now, for all I can see, both arms is the same length!"

The unhappy local looked as if he would have fainted on the spot. Here was a dilemma—two tracks to choose from, and night coming on.

Keane was down in the dust again, at a wary distance from the footprints, however, evidently working out the most complicated sums in mental arithmetic and memoration. We watched him intently.

"By George, it is!" he cried out at last, after an anxious ten minutes, springing to his feet and slapping his thigh. Then, seizing me by the arm, he forced me down, almost on to my nose, exclaiming, "Look 'ere, Sir, there's nails, eh?" He clearly disdained any appeal to the locals after this performance of one of them.

I ventured the opinion that they certainly were nails, but that I could not say they belonged to gipsy shoes.

He chuckled, after his fashion. "You'll excuse *me*, Sir; but don't you see they've square 'eads, and are only four of a row."

I looked closely, and verified the fact.

"That's a gipsy shoe, Sir. They have their own makers, and their own ways of planting their nails. Bless you, it's another of their dodges. There's never a clod would think he was 'alf sprigged with four nails in a row. But the gipsies wants a light shoe, as well as a strong shoe, and never carries more, and always square 'eads. That there's a gipsy shoesole, Sir; and this here's our road."

Although I felt his argument might be contested, there was that quiet conviction in his tone which always carries the day; and there was not a doubt or dissenting murmur among us—none audible at least—as we remounted the cart, and "sprung" the lively little mare down the rough road in a style that did equal credit to her and the cart-springs.

By this time the night was gathering in, and it was evident to me that our tracking could not be carried on perfectly any longer. We clearly ought to be drawing near our quarters for the night. Yet I saw no public—nor indeed any signs of habitations. I was quite out of my latitude and hadn't the least idea where we were. I ventured to ask Mr. Keane his opinion on this point as we pitched along.

"Well, Sir, we are in Huntingdonshire, that's certain; and, so far as I knows, somewheres between Old Hurst and Warboys."

"You know this country, then?"

"Well, Sir, not to say know it, as I does Essex, and Middlesex, and that way; but I was down hereabout after them Mepal burglars, you know, Sir—(I hadn't any notion what he alluded to, of course)—and I've a good eye for a country: and if we *are* where I fancies we are, you may make up your mind to camp out to night, Sir."

"Oh! I'm quite game for that," I said, rather rejoicing in the prospect, for the fun of the thing.

"But hollos! what's this?" said my companion, as the mare, turning a sharp corner, came to a dead stop before a stout gate.

Keane jumped down, flinging me the reins, and ran to the gate.

"Well, I am blessed!" he ejaculated in a tone of deep disgust, after taking his observation. "Here's the road pulls up short—nowhere, like; it don't carry into that field."

"Then this wasn't the right line, after all, exclaimed, with considerable satisfaction, the unhappy 'local,' who had made, and marred, our last *pattrun* discovery.

Keane turned sharp round and looked about him, as if about to speak, but checked himself and proceeded again to the gate. An old and ragged blackthorn grew out of the hedge close to it.

Suddenly, and before I was aware of his intention, I saw Keane on the gate plucking something from one of the lower branches of the thorn—it was now too dark to discern what. In a moment he was at my side.

"Look here, Sir," he said, holding up a little fragment of stuff. "What d'ye make of that?"

Looking more closely, I saw it was a bit of silk of a yellow and crimson pattern—a light flashed upon me: it was a tatter of my own *cushgar poshnikes*—of the blazing bandana I had presented three days before to Sinfi!

And now arose a struggle of conscience—ought I to tell Keane what I knew of it, or not?

The doubt was momentary—I told him.

He gave his quiet chuckle, and said, "Well, now, I was thinking something of the sort, Sir."

Then turning to the luckless "local," he added, "So you see, mister, I was right, after all." He then opened the gate and led the way through.

Beyond the gate lay, not a field, as we thought, but a common.

Keane did not remount, but stood with his elbow on the mare's recking flanks, "ciphering," as a Yankee would say.

After a few minutes he came up to me and said, "It ain't no use going on in the dark, Sir, with our work; so we may as well look out for a sheltered spot; tilt the cart, let the mare graze, and make ourselves comfortable."

There was nothing very formidable in a night out in the merry month of May, though the common was rather a bleak bedroom.

"We'll find shelter from the wind to the lee of some of them there bushes," said Keane, as he walked forward a few steps to reconnoitre the ground. He ascended for this purpose a small eminence a few yards in front of the cart. All of a sudden I saw him stop short, and gaze long and steadily into the waste. He then came back to the cart, and said in a voice that, for the first time that day betrayed excitement, "By God, Sir, I believe we're close upon 'em!"

I jumped up in the cart, and so did the "locals."

"Be quiet," he said, peremptorily. "I don't know, but there's a fire down yonder," pointing towards a straggling thicket of thorn that fringed a broken hedge, about two hundred yards in front of us. "I smell wood-smoke."

The wind set from that quarter, and I thought I smelt it too.

"What do you propose?" I asked.

"Why, first we'll stalk 'em, Sir," he said, renewing his old tone; "and if they're our lot, we've got 'em as safe as darbies can make it."

"Shall I go with you?"

"No. Here, back the cart into the lane again, and keep close—all of you—till I come back."

We obeyed his orders, and then I saw him, bent double, creep forward till the gathering dark swallowed him up.

The ten minutes he was absent seemed an hour.

"It's them; by George it's them!" he whispered, almost hoarsely, as he came back to us, in the same cautious fashion in which he had left us. "And the two lads are with them, and they're playing cards over their fire."

"Let's go in on 'em at once," said one of the "locals."

Keane winked quietly.

"Not if I knows it, mister. Weazels and gipsies always are best catched asleep. Let them get under the blankets first. And now, as we know where we are, let's make ourselves snug, Sir."

As he spoke he lugged some horsecloths and rugs from under the cart-seats, and distributed them to us, while he set about carefully rubbing down the gallant little mare, and gave her her supper out of a nosebag.

This operation over, he addressed himself to our comforts. Bread and cheese were not wanting, nor a gallon stone bottle of beer. One luxury he positively prohibited—a cigar; for, as he jocosely observed, "The wind *may* change in a jiffey, and blow the smoke and us both to them gents," and he jerked his chin in the direction of the gipsy camp.

It was useless trying to sleep. I had no intention of taking part in the actual capture, but I listened with interest as Keane detailed his plan of attack to his local coadjutors. They were all three armed with pistols, besides their staves; but Keane was most positive in his injunctions to the provincials not to use anything more deadly than oak unless they found it absolutely necessary in self-defence.

The night wore on slowly. Keane crept away from time to time to reconnoitre, but my Roumany friends kept it up unusually late that night, secure in their escape, and exulting in their booty.

At last, just as grey dawn began to glimmer in the east, and I was beginning to doze (the locals had been snoring for two hours), Keane came up. I sat up as he approached.

"All quiet now, Sir," he said. "Their fire's black out, and in half an hour I mean to go in on 'em. I wish, though, they hadn't them d——d dogs; not that I cares for a tussle, Sir,—but it may set those gipsy chaps a resisting of us, and then mischief may come, yur know, Sir."

At the end of the time he had mentioned he woke the heavy-headed "locals," and I watched them with intense interest as they looked to the thongs of their staves and put fresh caps on their pistols.

As they started I felt a sort of shame at sitting out, reluctant as I was to appear to my late entertainers in a light which must give them suspicions of my fair faith.

Keane interpreted the expression of my face, and said firmly and quietly, "You'll be good enough to leave this business to us, Sir. We understand it, and we're more than a match for them, women and all."

So I accepted the ignominious part of a watcher, instead of the more exciting one of an actor; and with intense excitement watched them steal quietly forward under cover of the bushes and broken ground, till the hedge of which I have spoken hid them from my view; and when I could not see I listened. For a few minutes all was silence, made tenfold deeper by the hush of the early May morning.

And then came a quick, sharp yelp of a terrier, and then a furious barking; and then a wild hubbub—a confused shrieking of women, and cursing and trampling of men in fierce struggle, and then—one shot! and then again silence!

I could stand it no longer—I ran to the scene of conflict. All was over—Keane and his brave army had achieved a complete victory, if not quite a bloodless one.

Panting, gory, dishevelled, half-dressed, as disturbed suddenly from sleep, Esri and the two gipsy lads were sitting on the ground handcuffed; and in the same ignominious plight—minus the blood—Athaliah, her two daughters,—and, alas the day!—my pretty Sinfi.

Keane was wiping his forehead with a cotton handkerchief, while one of the locals was binding up a broken head which his comrade had received in the mêlée. The faithful bandy-legged yellow terrier had perished.

Law and Police.

The Case of Vincent Colucci.—Since the conviction of this prisoner he has been in a most melancholy condition, and it appears that the result of the trial was most unexpected to him, as he entertained a confident opin on that he should either be acquitted or that Miss Johnstone would not appear and give evidence against him. It has been stated that since the trial, when the case stood for trial at the last sessions, an offer was made to the prisoner, if he would plead guilty, and consent to the restoration of the £1600 that was taken from him at the time of his apprehension by Tanner, the officer, that the prosecution would apply to the Court to allow him to be discharged upon entering into recognisances to appear and receive judgment if it should be called upon to do so; but he refused to accede to this proposition. It was very much desired that Miss Johnstone should be spared the annoyance of appearing in a public court to give her evidence. The prisoner no doubt anticipated this, and calculated that she would not do so, and that he should thus escape the consequences of his rascality; but when it was found that he would not agree to the liberal offer that was made him it was determined that the case should proceed. The prisoner, it appeared, lived in the most luxurious and extravagant style at his residence in Ovington square, and it will be remembered that £300 of his ill-gotten gains were expended in about three weeks, and, if his career had not been cut short so suddenly, in all probability the whole would very soon have been squandered away.

An Expensive Kiss.—On Friday week the magistrates at the Police Court at Bristol inflicted a fine of £5 and costs upon a gentleman named Frederick Layton, of London, for kissing a lady, of Cheltenham, named Mrs. Elizabeth Rebecca Martin, as they were journeying from Gloucester to Bristol, on the Midland Railway—the lady and gentleman being the only occupants of one of the compartments of a first-class carriage. He did not deny the charge, nor did he, according to the usual practice, try to wound the feelings or damage the character of the lady, but acknowledged he had done wrong and apologised for it.

Central Criminal Court.—The following cases were disposed of at the close of last week:—George Clift and Frederick Clayton Clift, brothers, described as quill-merchants, who were charged with committing arson, upon their own premises, at Peckham, for the purpose of defrauding the Globe Insurance Company, were found guilty and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Edward William Bullen, the Post Office letter-carrier, who pleaded guilty to stealing a post letter, containing £253 10s., and in whose possession no less than 1400 undelivered letters were found, was sentenced to six years' penal servitude. Thomas Rogers, twenty two, also a letter-carrier, convicted of stealing a post letter, was sentenced to four years' penal servitude. James Gillman, who had been convicted on two indictments charging him with uttering forged Post Office orders, was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour.

The Case of Mr. Richard Guinness Hill.—The Rev. George Hill, of Sacombe Rectory, near Ware, Herts, brother of Richard Guinness Hill, entered into recognisances of £500 (yesterday week at Rugby) for the appearance of the latter to take his trial at the next assizes. On Saturday last Mr. George Wright Greenwood, solicitor, of 89, Chancery-lane, London, entered into similar recognisances. No objection was offered on the part of those concerned in the prosecution to the above sureties; therefore Mr. Hill is now at liberty.

Major Yelverton is again appearing before the public. Though little has been heard of him of late it appears he is moving in the Scotch courts to have the alleged marriage between him and the then Miss Longworth set aside, while the lady is equally active in having the marriage declared valid. An application was made yesterday week to Mr. Baron Martin, in chambers, at the instance of the Scotch Court, to have certain English witnesses whose evidence is material to the Major's case examined at Manchester. Baron Martin granted the application.

Watch Robbery.—John Carpenter, aged twenty, calling himself a plasterer, was charged at the Mansion House, on Friday week, with a daring robbery. Mr. George M'Arthur was in King William-street going towards London-bridge about half-past nine o'clock the preceding evening. As he passed the corner of Nicholas-lane the prisoner, who was standing there, came up to him as if he were about to ask a question. Suddenly he seized the prosecutor's watchchain, breaking it in two, and ran away with the watch, a gold one, worth about £12, and part of the chain. The complainant, with several other people, ran after him, calling "Stop thief!" As he turned into Cannon-street Inspector Alstin, of the Thames police, stationed at Wapping, who happened to be passing in plain clothes, seeing him closely pursued, joined in the chase, the prisoner himself shouting "Stop thief!" He ran down St. Martin's-lane, and turned sharply round into a little court, at the top of which some people who had heard the cry caught him in their arms. The watch, with part of the broken chain attached, was found in his hand. There he was detained until the prosecutor came up and identified him. On his way to the police station he made a savage attempt to kick Inspector Alstin in a vital part. The prisoner, making no defence, was committed for trial.

The Biter Bit.—George Fray, twenty-nine years of age, shoemaker, was charged before Mr. Knox, at the Worship street Police Court, last Saturday, with biting off a large portion of a spaniel dog's tail. Barker, a constable of the N division, stated that, while on duty in High-street, Hoxton, the preceding evening, he saw the defendant creating a great disturbance there. Suddenly the fellow caught up a pretty and small spaniel that was near him, swung it round several times above his head, and afterwards, putting the end of its tail into his mouth, bit off a considerable portion of it. He then threw the poor animal down, and it ran away, howling most piteously. Witness, as soon as was possible, secured the defendant, but met with much resistance, and, while conveying him to the station-house in Robert-street, the prisoner made several grasps at other dogs passing him. Mr. Knox ordered him to be imprisoned for the space of one month, without the option of paying a fine.

The Late Defalcations of a Tax-collector.—Thomas William Nation, late collector of the poor, general, sewer and main drainage rates in the northern district of the extensive parish of All Saints, Poplar, appeared before Mr. Woolrych, at the Thames Police Court, on Monday, charged with refusing to comply with an order of the magistrate to pay to the trustees of the parish the sum of £800, the amount of his defalcations in the two poor rates he had collected in October and November, 1860, and January and February, 1861. Nation's three sureties, who were responsible to the amount of £200 each, have since agreed to discharge their liabilities in four quarterly payments of £50 each. When that is done there will still be a deficiency of £800, for which a new rate will have to be made. Nation, who was greatly agitated, said everything was taken from him by the Sheriffs' officers. He was a beggar—utterly ruined. He was sixty-seven years of age, very infirm, and subject to fits, which came upon him every ten or twelve days. Under these circumstances he implored the magistrate to be merciful to him. Mr. Woolrych sentenced the defendant to be imprisoned in the House of Correction for twenty-one days.

Committal of the Ratcliffe Incendiary.—On Saturday last Henry Clifford was brought before the Notts magistrates, charged with setting fire to the stacks belonging to Mr. Parr, of Ratcliffe, about eight miles from Nottingham. A few days ago the prisoner had an interview with Mr. Parr, and described to him the exact position of the stacks in the yard, and the manner in which he set them on fire. The prisoner, however, in court denied the charge, and attempted to prove an alibi, but was committed to take his trial at the next Notts Assizes. The value of the property consumed amounted to nearly £1500.

Now ready,

THE ILLUSTRATED PENNY ALMANACK for 1862, containing Twelve Original Designs emblematic of the Months, numerous Engravings selected from the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—Tables of Foreign Coins, Stamps, Taxes, and Licences, Eclipses—Gardening and Farming Operations—Remarkable Events—Free Exhibitions and Sights in London—and a great variety of useful and interesting information. The Trade supplied by W. M. CLARKE, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row; and by G. Vickers, Angel-court (172), Strand, London.

DUMAS' LIBRARY OF HISTORICAL ROMANCE.
Just published, price 2s., fancy boards,

THE PAGE OF THE DUKE OF SAVOY. Also, lately published in this Series, price 2s. each,

The Twin Captains.	Myenne; or, The Death of Marat.
Beau Tacconde.	The Conspirators.
Twenty Years After.	Captain Paul.
The Forty-five Guardsmen.	The Russian Gipsy.
Pauline; or, Buried Alive.	Chicat, the Jester.
The Countess de Charny.	

London: C. H. CLARKE, 13, Paternoster-row.

Now ready, price Sixpence,

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK FOR 1862, in a beautifully-illuminated Wrapper, printed in Four Colours, forming an elegant addition to the Drawing-room Annuals. CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.; and all Booksellers.

ROBERT COCKS and CO.'S LIST OF NEW MUSIC.

THE HOLY MOUNT. Sacred Melodies for Piano. By W. H. CALLCOTT. Three Series. Each, Solo, 5s.; Duet, 6s.
THE ADORATION. Sacred Melodies for Piano. By W. H. CALLCOTT. Three Series. Each, Solo, 5s.; Duet, 6s.
THE HOLY FAMILY. Sacred Melodies for Piano. By W. H. CALLCOTT. Three Series. Each, Solo, 5s.; Duet, 6s.
N.B. Ad lib. Accompaniments for Flute, Violin, and Violoncello to "The Holy Mount," "The Adoration," and "The Holy Family," 1s. each Part.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN. New Vocal arrangement, harmonised by Dr. CROTCH. Edited by W. H. CALLCOTT. On a card. 2d.
LE TRIOMPHE DES ARTS. Quadrille. By ADAM WRIGHT. With View of the New Exhibition. 3s.
OH! YE TEARS. Song. Poetry by CHARLES MACKAY; Music by FRANZ ABT. 2s.
KATHLEEN AROON. Song. Poetry by Mrs. CRAWFORD; Music by FRANZ ABT. 2s.
WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING? For Piano. By BRINLEY RICHARDS. 3s.
GENTLE RAY OF SUNLIGHT. Song. Poetry by J. T. TILDESLEY; Music by W. T. WRIGHTON. 2s.
ONE HUNDRED OPERATIC MELODIES, for Violin Solo. By N. MORI. 1s. 6d.
ONE HUNDRED SONGS WITHOUT WORDS. By N. MORI. 1s. 6d.
THE CHEERFUL DRUM. Four-part Song (Vocal March, No. 5). By FRANZ ABT. On a card. 2d.
WHERE THE BEE SUCKS. For Piano. By A. LEDUC. 3s.
OLD ENGLISH AIRS, Fantasia on, for Violin and Piano. By N. MORI. 4s.
AS YOU LIKE IT. Polka for Piano. By ADAM WRIGHT. 2s. 6d.
YE OLDEN TIME. Polka Mazurka. By CARL FAUST, of Breslau. 2s. 6d. "Pretty, and easy to play."—The Musical World
THE DRAGON-FLY. Polka. By CARL FAUST, of Breslau. Brilliantly Illuminated, 2s.
N.B. Lists of the admired Compositions of Carl Faust may be had gratis and post-free.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.'S EDUCATIONAL WORKS ON MUSIC.

306th Edition.—Hamilton's Modern Instructions for the Pianoforte. Fingered by Czerny. 70 pages, folio. 4s.
65th Edition.—Hamilton's Dictionary of 3500 Musical Terms. 1s.
68th Edition.—Clarke's Catechism of the Rudiments of Music. 1s.
19th Edition.—Hamilton's Modern Instructions for Singing. 5s.
24th Edition.—Czerny's 101 Elementary Studies. Edited by W. Vincent Wallace. 8s.; or, in two books, each 4s.
23rd Edition.—Czerny's Etude de la Velocité. Edited by W. Vincent Wallace. 10s. 6d.; or, in two books, each 6s.
32nd Edition.—Hamilton's Catechism of Thorough Bass and Harmony. 2s. Key, 1s. 6d.
12th Edition.—Hamilton's Practical Catechism of Singing. 3s.
8th Edition.—Hamilton's Catechism for the Violin. 1s.
7th Edition.—Hamilton's New Musical Grammar. 3s.
8th Edition.—Hamilton's Art of Tuning the Pianoforte. 1s.
4th Edition.—Hamilton's Catechism of Counterpoint, Melody, and Composition. 2s.
3rd Edition.—Hamilton's Catechism of the Organ. 4s.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.'S CATALOGUES.
Supplied Gratis and Postage Free.

Catalogue of 1000 Songs, with Key, Compass, &c., of each composition.
Catalogue of 6000 Piano Solos, Elementary Works, &c.
Catalogue of New and Popular Pianoforte Music, complete Lists, under the Composers' names.
Catalogue of Elementary Pianoforte Music, with 2000 Teaching Pieces.
Catalogue of the Works of Wallace, Richards, West, Callcott, &c. (Catalogue of Drawing-room Music).
Catalogue of Educational Works, Theoretical, Historical, &c.
Theory of Music—Lists of Works, with Tables of Contents, Criticisms, &c., for the use of Students.
Catalogue of Vocal Music. Songs, Duets, Glees, &c.
Catalogue of Music for Violin, Tenor, Violoncello, &c.
Catalogue of Music for Flute, Cornet, Brass Band, &c.
Catalogue of Cathedral, Church, and Organ Music.
Thematic Index of Stephen Glover's Vocal Duets.
Selection of Songs, Words, and Themes.
Miss M. Lindsay's Songs, Words, and Themes.
Thematic Indexes of Brinley Richards's Classical Pianist and Student's Practice.
Catalogue of Pianoforte Pieces for Teaching.
Catalogue of German Songs.
Catalogue of Standard Works suitable for presents.
Green Catalogue, greatly enlarged, for Teachers.
Periodical List of Musical Novelties.
Catalogue of Scarce and Valuable Works, offered at moderate prices. (Just issued.)
Notice of Mr Hamilton, with List of Instruction Books.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING? Vocal Duet. By STEPHEN GLOVER. 3s.
WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING? Transcribed as a Romance, without Words, for Piano, by G. A. OSBORNE. 2s. 6d.
WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING? Transcribed in an easy style, and fingered for Piano, by J. BELLAK. 1s.
THE ECHOES OF KILLARNEY. By BRINLEY RICHARDS. Reminiscence for Piano, introducing "The Meeting of the Waters." 2s. 6d.
THE ECHO OF LUCERNE. By BRINLEY RICHARDS. Transcribed for Piano. 3s.
WARBLINGS AT EVE. By BRINLEY RICHARDS. Romance for Piano. Solo, 2s. 6d.; duet, 3s.
THE ECHO NOCTURNE. By BRINLEY RICHARDS. For Piano. 2s. 6d.
O, THOU THAT TELLEST (Handel's "Messiah"). Arranged for Piano by G. F. WEST. 3s., being No. 8 of the Second Series of "Gems from the Great Masters."
ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR (from Handel's "Theodora"). Arranged for Piano by G. F. WEST. 3s. The song, elegantly arranged for Voice and Piano, by Carl Czerny, 1s. 6d.; arranged by John Bishop, 1s.
G. F. WEST.—DEAD MARCH IN SAUL, for Piano. 3s. The publication of this favourite piece has been unexpectedly delayed, but it is now ready for delivery. The arrangement is spoken of as exquisite.—N.B. Lists of Mr. West's "Gems from the Great Masters," and his other compositions, are supplied gratis and post-free.
G. F. WEST.—HEROLD'S OVERTURE TO ZAMPA. Arranged for Piano. Solo, 3s.; Duet, 4s.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington-street, Regent-street, W.; and of all Musicsellers.

BENSON'S WATCHES and CLOCKS. "Perfection of mechanism."—Morning Post.
Gold Watches, 5 to 100 guineas; Silver Watches, 2 to 50 guineas.
Send two stamps for "Benson's Illustrated Pamphlet," descriptive of every construction of watch now made, with their prices.
Watches sent to all parts of the kingdom free by post, or to India and the Colonies, for 5s. each extra.
33 and 34, Ludgate-hill; 46 and 47, Cornhill, London, E.C.
Established 1749.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

Charge for Advertisements, 6d. per line.

Authorised Agent to receive Advertisements, THOMAS FOX, 2, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C.

FOR FAMILY ARMS send Name and County to CULLETON'S Heraldic Studio and Genealogical Library. No fee for search. Arms Quartered and Emblazoned. Plain Sketch, 3s.; in Heraldic Colours, 6s. Family Pedigree, with original grant of Arms, to whom and when granted, the origin of the name, &c., fee, 21s. "The Manual of Heraldry," 400 Engravings, 3s. 6d., post-free. By T. Culleton, Lecturer on Heraldry, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane). N.B. The proper Colours for Liveries, 5s.

FAMILY ARMS, engraved in first style: Crest on seal or ring, 7s.; on steel die, 6s. Book-plate, with arms, crest, and motto, 15s. Solid Gold Ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, engraved with crest, 42s; ditto very massive, for arms, £3 15s. The Hall mark is the only guarantee for pure gold. Embossing Press for stamping paper with crest, initials, or address, 15s.; best make, 21s. T. CULLETON, Engraver by appointment to her Majesty, April 30, 1852, and chief Die-sinker to the Board of Trade, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

THE PEN SUPERSEDED.—The only method of marking linen so as to prevent the ink washing out is with CULLETON'S PATENT ELECTRO PLATES. Initials, 1s. each.; Name Plates, 2s. 6d.; Crest Plate, 5s.; set of movable numbers, 2s. 6d., with directions, sent post-free for stamps.—T. Culleton, Diesinker, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

---

50 VISITING CARDS in ONE HOUR.—A Copper Plate engraved in any style and 50 best ivory cards printed, post-free, 2s. WEDDING CARDS: 50 each for lady and gentleman, 50 embossed envelopes, with maiden name printed on flap, all complete in four hours, 13s. 6d. Carriage free.—T. CULLETON, Diesinker, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

PRETTY EARRINGS, PINS, LOCKETS, and CHAINS, quality warranted. Newest and largest stock of the above in the kingdom.—PARKER, Jeweller, 1, Hanway-street (one door from Tottenham-court-road).

A GOOD FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST, with a prudent use, has saved many a life; and yet we think the idea might be improved upon and reduced to a more simple form. "Take some good compound, such as COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, and we find that the desired end may be obtained without scales and weights, or little mysterious compartments, and enchanted bottles, with crystal stoppers. Others might be used; but Cockle's Pills, as tested by many thousands of persons, and found to answer their purpose so well, may be set down as the best."—Observer.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES are daily recommended by the Faculty—Testimonials from the most eminent of whom may be inspected—as the most effectual, safe, speedy, and convenient remedy for Coughs and all Disorders of the Lungs, Chest, and Throat. Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d.; Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. Thomas Keating, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 79, St. Paul's-churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists.

KEATING'S PALE NEWFOUNDLAND COD-LIVER OIL, perfectly pure, nearly tasteless, and free from adulteration of any kind, has been analysed, reported on, and recommended by Professors Taylor and Thomson, of Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, who, in the words of the late Dr. Pereira, say, that "The finest oil is that most devoid of colour, odour, and flavour," characters this will be found to possess in a high degree. Half-pints, 1s.; Pints, 2s. 6d.; Quarts, 4s. 6d.; and Five-pint Bottles, 10s. 6d., Imperial measure. 79, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

SURPRISING CURE OF A SEVERE COUGH AND INFLUENZA BY

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS. From Mr. T. F. KER, Surgeon, 82, Moss-lane, Manchester. (See Letter in Books of Testimonials, to be had of all Medicine Venders.) Dr. Locock's Pulmonic Wafers give instant relief and a rapid cure of ASTHMA, Consumption, Coughs, and all Disorders of the Breath and Lungs. To singers and public speakers they are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice. They have a most pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box. Sold by all Chemists.

MIRACULOUS CURE for ASTHMA, Shortness of Breath, Diseased Lungs, &c. Instant relief guaranteed by DR. HAMILTON'S NEWLY-DISCOVERED REMEDY. Sent free for twelve stamps. Address, Dr. Hamilton, 21, Great Newport-street, Leicester-square, London, W.C.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Combination of Excellence.—Every virtue demanded by the most exacting invalid is incorporated in these admirable Pills. They will rid the system of all corrupt humours, and regulate the stomach and liver, those citadels of health.

LINENDRAPERS TO THE QUEEN BY APPOINTMENT.
Established in 1778.

LADIES' WEDDING OUTFITS sent free of carriage.
Descriptive Lists, with prices, sent free by post.
CAPPER, SON, and CO., 69, Gracechurch-street, London, E.C.

LINENDRAPERS TO THE QUEEN BY APPOINTMENT.
Established in 1778.

BABIES' BASSINETS, Trimmed and Furnished ready for use, and sent home free of carriage.
BABIES' BASKETS,
Trimmed and Furnished to correspond.
CAPPER, SON, and CO., 69, Gracechurch-street, London, E.C.
Descriptive Lists, with Prices, sent free by post.

BABIES' BERCEAUNETTES, 2½ guineas.
Baskets to match, 1 guinea.
Mrs. W. G. TAYLOR, 53, Baker-street.

CHRISTENING ROBES for PRESENTS, 2½ guineas; Christening Caps, 1 guinea; Babies' Cloaks, 1 guinea; Hoods, ½ guinea.
Baby Linen in complete sets of varied qualities.
Mrs. W. G. TAYLOR, 53, Baker-street.

BLACK SILKS.—The Richest, Best, and Cheapest Stock in London, and the best-wearing Silks to be obtained.
Black Glacé (the Noir Imperiale), from 30s. to 90s. the Dress.
Black Ducapes, from 30s. to 84s.
Black Lyons Poult de Soie (wear guaranteed), 60s. to 90s.
Black Gros Royale, from 50s. to 90s.
Black Radzimortes in the richest qualities.
Black Figured Silks (extraordinarily cheap), from 2s. 6½d. per yard.
Black Poplins, the most approved makes.
Black Moire Antiques, from 2 to 10 guineas.
Black Crystalizè.
Black Flounced Silk Robes, from 2½ to 7 guineas.
Rich Silk Skirts, elegantly trimmed, with or without crape.
At PETER ROBINSON'S Family and General Mourning Warehouse, 103 and 104 Oxford-street, London. Patterns free.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST, Brompton, S.W.—One-eighth of the entire mortality of the country ensues from Diseases of the Chest. This fact accounts for the vast number of sick persons seeking the benefits of this special charity, particularly in the winter months, when cold, want, and miserable homes aggravate their sufferings. To turn them away would be cruel; to keep all the wards open money is required.
PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.
HENRY DOBBIN, Sec.

URGENT APPEAL.—THE INFIRMARY FOR CONSUMPTION, 26, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, is in want of immediate ASSISTANCE. The sum of £500 is required to meet the existing liabilities of this great work of charity. Donations thankfully received by the Rev. E. R. Eardley Wilmot, Chairman, No. 10, Chandos-street, Cavendish-square; the Rev. Wm. Cadman, No. 6, Albany-terrace, Regent's Park: F. Kirkham Fowell, Esq., Treasurer, 5, Alpha-road, Regent's Park; Sir E. Scott and Co., Bankers, Cavendish-square.

LONDON HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL, Great Ormond-street, W.C.
The Lord EBURY—Chairman.
ADDITIONAL FUNDS are still urgently REQUIRED for this the only Homœopathic Hospital in the metropolis.
Bankers—The Union Bank, Argyll-place, Regent-street.
By order, RALPH BUCHAN, Hon. Sec.

THE ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, EARLSWOOD, Redhill, Surrey, under the immediate Patronage of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.
The Autumnal Election of this Charity will occur on Thursday, Oct 31, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, for the purpose of Electing 20 Applicants—viz., 5 for life and 15 for the ordinary period of five years.
Contributions towards this national Charity are earnestly requested.
There are, at the present time, more than 320 inmates; and, although the number of applicants varies from 150 to 180 at each half-yearly election, the Board can only elect 20. They would gladly announce a larger number for admission did the funds permit.
"A Second Visit to Earlswood," by the Rev. Edwin Sidney, A.M., and other pamphlets illustrating the workings of the Charity, may be had, gratuitously, on application to the Secretary, Mr. William Nicholas, to whom all orders should be made payable.
Annual subscription, 10s. 6d. or £1 1s.; Life ditto, £5 5s. or £10 10s.
The Elections occur regularly in April and October.
JOHN CONOLLY, M.D., D.C.L., ANDREW REED, D.D., Gratuitous Secretaries.
Office, 29, Poultry, E.C.

ROYAL ASYLUM of ST. ANN'S SOCIETY, affording Home, Clothing, Maintenance, and Education to Orphan and other Necessitous Children of Parents once in prosperity, by voluntary contributions, Brixton-hill, Surrey, and Aldersgate.
Patrons—Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the Royal Family.
New candidates may now be nominated for the next half-yearly election.
300 Children are receiving the benefits of this Institution, and nearly 300 have been succoured by it.
Children eligible under the rules may be purchased into the Asylum.
Donations gratefully received by Messrs. Spooner, 27, Gracechurch-street; or by E. F. LEEK, Secretary.
Office, 2, Walbrook.
Executors of benefactors by will have the privilege of Life Governors for every £50 bequeathed.

LONDON ORPHAN ASYLUM, CLAPTON, instituted 1813, for the Maintenance and Education of Fatherless Children, of either sex, and wherever resident. The next Election occurs on Jan. 27, 1862.
Candidates should be nominated forthwith.
Children are eligible between the ages of 7 and 11.
Forms of petition may be had at the office.
75 Orphans have been admitted this year.
421 Children are now in the Asylum.
2874 Orphans have been already assisted.
Contributions in aid of the current expenditure are earnestly solicited, as the Charity mainly depends on voluntary support. Annual subscription for one vote, 10s. 6d.; for two votes, £1 1s.; life subscription for one vote, £5 5s.; for two votes, £10 10s.
T. CORNTHWAITE, M.A., C. J. DYER, M.A., Hon. Secs.
Office, 1, St. Helen's-place, E.C. JAMES ROGERS, Secretary.

CLERGY ORPHAN CORPORATION.—Boys' School, St. Thomas's-hill, Canterbury. Girls' School, St. John's-wood, Marylebone. The next Election will take place in November.
Candidates should be nominated immediately.
Children are eligible between the ages of eight and twelve.
Forms of application may be had at the office.
Eight boys and eight girls will be elected.
The votes polled by unsuccessful candidates are allowed to accumulate.
One hundred and forty children are now in the schools.
Contributions are earnestly solicited to enable the committee to extend their operations. Annual subscription for one vote, £1 1s.; Life subscription for one vote, £10 10s. J. RUSSELL STOCK, M.A., Secretary.
Office, 7, Lincoln's-inn-fields, W.C.

INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, WANSTEAD. There are now 600 fatherless children in this Institution. Many of them are without either parent.
1843 children, orphans of professional men, tradesmen, and other respectable persons from all parts of the British dominions, have been admitted.
Nine-tenths of the income are dependent upon voluntary contributions.
Candidates for the November Elections should be nominated without delay. The necessary forms may be obtained at the office.
Life Subscriptions for one vote, £5 5s.; for two votes, £10 10s.; Annual Subscriptions for one vote, 10s. 6d.; for two vote, £1 1s.
Office, 46, Ludgate-hill, E.C. HENRY W. GREEN, Secretary.

LONDON HOSPITAL.—QUARTERLY RETURN of ADMISSION of ACCIDENTS and other Cases, from July 1 to Sept. 30, 1861:—

Accidents—In-Patients	.. ..	531	
Out-Patients	.. ..	3141	
			3672
Other Cases—In-Patients	.. ..	512	
Out-Patients	.. ..	3873	
			4385
Total	.. ..		8057

Total number of Patients since Jan. 1 (exclusive of trifling casualties and other cases not requiring continuous treatment) 22,972
By order of the House Committee,
WM. J. NIXON, Secretary.

CANCER HOSPITAL, London and Brompton. Treasurer—William Loxham Farrer, Esq., 66, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Bankers—Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand.
Medical Officers.
Principal Surgeon—W. Marsden, Esq., M.D., 65, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Surgeons—T. Weeden Cooke, Esq., 76, Upper Berkeley-street; Alexander Marsden, Esq., 2A, Hyde Park-place, Cumberland-gate.
By the benevolence of the public the Committee of this Hospital have been enabled to erect a very commodious building for the reception of sixty of the most afflicted of the afflicted—the poor suffering from Cancer; and they earnestly APPEAL to the sympathies of the affluent now resident in the country to AID them at this dull season of the year to at once open their new building, and thus extend the usefulness of the Institution to the numerous poor applicants now upon their books.
The dietary and remedies are of an expensive nature, and, in addition to the in-door patients in the present Hospital, the surgeons have constantly upwards of four hundred out-door patients under treatment.
Subscriptions will be very thankfully received by the Treasurer, the Bankers to the Hospital, and by the London and country Bankers generally, and at the Secretary's office, 167, Piccadilly.
AIRLIE, President.
N.B.—All poor persons suffering from cancer are admitted as patients upon their own application at 167, Piccadilly on Tuesdays or Fridays, at two o'clock, free of any expense. As an in-door patient a preference is usually given to the recommendation of a Life Governor.

Printed and published for the Proprietors by EBENEZER FARRINGTON, of 4, Farringdon-street, in the parish of St. Sepulchre, in the city of London.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

THE HUNTING SEASON.—OUR FIRST DAY OUT.

PRESENTED GRATIS WITH "THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER" FOR NOVEMBER 9, 1861.